The Lucy-Desi Museum • Museum of the Middle Appalachians • Lee Smith's Papers

NOW & THEN

THE APPALACHIAN MAGAZINE

THE CENTER FOR APPALACHIAN STUDIES AND SERVICES • EAST TENNESSEE STATE UNIVERSITY

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Museums & Archives

Finding New Ways to Tell Appalachia's Story

Making Molasses

I was in the apple tree
when the men gathered 'round the sugar cane press.
They performed the laying on of hands
and anointed it with oil.
Hitching up the old mule, they marched her
'round and 'round it, just like Jericho.
All day, thick stalks of cane squeezed out,
squashed and dead.
Green current trickled into vats.

I watched from the apple tree
when the juice was poured into troughs over fire,
and the women worked miracles.
Stirring with long, wooden paddles and laughing at the men,
they whispered over the hot, green liquid,
transforming it into sorghum—
thick and black, sweet molasses.

The cane field was bare;
I climbed down from the apple tree
to lie in the strange nakedness.
Dogs barked at their echoes across the hollow.
The creek was laughing on one side
and the women on the other.
The men groaned, the mule marched,
and the sugar-juice flowed.

I fell asleep in the September sky, blue and eternal,
and awoke to the sound of children.
They'd come to taste the molasses,
running fingers inside empty troughs for sweet treacle.
Then I heard the music.
Familiar voices were made liquid in song.
A strummed guitar coaxed them further into the falling dark
to rise like incense to the sky—
offerings of praise for September miracles.

—Christy Lenzi

Christy Lenzi grew up surrounded by creeks, hollows, and a close-knit community. She had two poems published in the poetry review Locust and Honey *in 1999.*

The original black-and-white photograph of the newly restored Oak Hill School was taken by Barry Beach for a photography class at East Tennessee State University in Johnson City, Tenn. Beach was director of the Jonesborough (Tenn.) Historic Museum at the time. The photograph of Kathy Mays leading a group of fourth graders in the Pledge of Allegiance was taken by Amy Clark. The collage was created by Nancy Fischman. Cover layout by Hillhouse Graphic Design, Kingsport, Tenn.

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"By reorienting our museums to reflect the truth about Appalachia, instead of losing tourism, we may well attract far larger numbers than otherwise."

—Charles Alan Watkins

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A Different Take

Cornshuck dolls and cabins, baskets, looms, and quilts, froes and plows: These are the objects, Charles Watkins argues in "Those Appalachian Things" (p. 3), that people most often reach for when mounting exhibits about Appalachia. Such items fit neatly into what he calls "the Appalachian Paradigm." According to Watkins, who directs Appalachian State University's Appalachian Cultural Museum in Boone, N.C., this model sees the region's history largely as the story of sturdy pioneers living on snug, self-sufficient farmsteads, pretty much isolated from the rest of the world.

A restored schoolhouse and a sepia-colored fireplace built with chunks from the Great Wall of China and stones from Italy's Appian Way; models of saber-toothed tigers and models of the atomic bombs that fell on Hiroshima and Nagasaki; original *I Love Lucy* scripts and a drawing by Picasso: These are just some of the items found in the Appalachian museums and archives featured in the pages of this issue. They reflect a more inclusive sensibility. It is a perspective willing to shine a spotlight both on Lee Smith's brilliant storytelling and on Lucille Ball's comedic genius. It acknowledges the existence on the Appalachian landscape of both the Oak Hill one-room schoolhouse and Oak Ridge's massive uranium-enrichment plants.

People taking this broader view watch with fascination as archivists such as Caroline Weaver ("A Diamond from Coal Country," p. 22) and Lori Riverstone ("Building Virtual Archives," p. 39) use digital technology to make everything from Lee Smith's childhood attempts at fiction to important Native American documents available to people all over the planet with the aid of the Internet. They push at the walls of the Appalachian paradigm until those walls give way. Even though the early pioneers were certainly important to this region, there is a great deal more to the Appalachian story.

There is the story of Lucille Ball, for example, a woman born in the Appalachian New York community of Jamestown. As Paul Heimel describes her in "The Lucy-Desi Museum" (p. 9), this pioneer of early television was just as spirited and formidable and determined as, say, a Lee Smith heroine. There is the story of West Virginia Governor William Alexander MacCorkle ("Sunrise Museum," p. 25), a man who survived hard times as a youth to become a successful businessman and a powerful political leader who welcomed people such as Thomas Marshall, who served as Woodrow Wilson's vice president, and statesman William Jennings Bryan to his mansion overlooking Charleston, W.Va. For Edwina Pendarvis, MacCorkle — and the museum now housed in that mansion — embody a good many of Appalachia's complexities and paradoxes.

In "A Mammoth Undertaking" (p. 18), Jeff Crooke describes Saltville, Va.'s efforts to establish the Museum of the Middle Appalachians, the work mainly of community volunteers. This new museum looks past — way past — those men and women of America's first frontier to prehistory and the vast fossil record found in that part of Southwest Virginia. Its exhibits also talk about how important the now-departed chemical industry was to this small mountain community, beginning with the saltworks that were so crucial to the Confederate effort to the Olin Corporation plants that produced a component of the rocket fuel that powered Apollo lunar missions. Bill Dockery in "Atomic City Chronicles" (p. 30) revisits the American Museum of Science and Energy where exhibits show how outsiders and native Appalachians worked together in the secret city of Oak Ridge, Tenn., to help give birth to the Atomic Age, certainly the most far-reaching and sobering achievement of the last century.

So we have chosen to walk past the cabin and sidestep the plow while putting this issue together. Instead we have spent our time exploring the museums and archives that don't focus on Appalachia's self-sufficiency and isolation but instead on its many and complicated connections to the world beyond its borders. We hope you find this approach thought-provoking — and maybe even just a little refreshing.

With this issue, we welcome Marianne Worthington as *Now & Then's* new reviews editor. In addition to having several published reviews to her credit, Worthington also writes poetry and essays on topics ranging from the campaign rhetoric of former Alabama governor George Wallace to the fiction of George Ella Lyon. Working with her on this issue has been a pleasure.

—Jane Harris Woodside, editor

Want to Find Out More?

The American Museum of Science and Energy
Oak Ridge, Tennessee - (865) 576-3200
• www.korrnet.org/amse

Oak Hill School Heritage Education Center
The Jonesborough-Washington County History Museum
Jonesborough, Tennessee - (423) 753-1015
• jbwchm@tricon.net

Lee Smith Papers & Exhibit
North Carolina State University, Raleigh, North Carolina
(919) 515-2273
The **Lee Marshall Smith Papers** finding aid
• www.lib.ncsu.edu:80/archives/collections/html/smith.html
• www.lib.ncsu.edu/archives/exhibits/leesmith - the web address of a virtual version of **A Diamond from Coal Country**

The Lucy-Desi Museum
Jamestown, New York - (716) 484-7070
• www.lucy-desi.com

The Museum of the Middle Appalachians
Saltville, Virginia - (540) 496-3633
• www.saltvilleva.com/museums.htm
• www.smythchamber.org/musmidap.htm

Sunrise Museum
Charleston, W.Va. - (304) 344-8035
• www.sunrisemuseum.org

Those Appalachian Things
Why They Tell Us the Lies They Do

by Charles Alan Watkins

The land that time forgot. Pioneers in an industrial age, the romance of log cabin living, and craftwork for spiritual uplift. Carefree storytellers and musicians. A classless, white society.

These are the images of what I collectively term The Appalachian Paradigm. The Paradigm naturally has a downside, characterized by feuding, degeneracy, and poverty, but it is essentially a happy and childlike vision.

Recent research on Appalachia by scholars, including sociologist Wilma Dunaway and historian John Inscoe, shows a region traditionally characterized by entrepreneurship, biracialism, and a market economy. Nevertheless, Appalachian museums continue to collect and exhibit objects that conform to the Paradigm. Created a century ago by a cadre of external writers, missionaries, cultural entrepreneurs, and social activists responsible for shaping the public image of Appalachian culture, it is a model that survives to the present day.

The Canon of True Appalachian Artifacts

There is a material culture companion to the Paradigm: "The Canon of True Appalachian Artifacts." Providing the three-dimensional support structure for the Paradigm, the Canon describes most of the holdings of the typical regional museum in Appalachia. Among the items in the Canon are froes, log cabins, cornshuck dolls, looms, quilts and coverlets, dulcimers, baskets, and bonnets.

In sum, these artifacts are the romantic survivals of pioneer Appalachia. Truthfully, they are the romantic survivals of the pioneer period of virtually anywhere in America since there is little that is singularly Appalachian about them. Collectively, they describe the pioneer era experienced at different times by most Americans residing on a frontier. Regardless, these objects have become the material vocabulary by which the concept of Appalachia has been and continues to be primarily expressed, even when the period of time under discussion is post-pioneer. By using the Canon as a basis for exhibitions, most regional museums have been unable to disengage from the Paradigm.

Disengagement is an important issue since the Paradigm—pleasant, useful, and marketable though it may be—needs replacement sorely. You can get some idea of this problem by comparing two views of a small North Carolina mountain village, Valle Crucis, near Boone.

These artifacts are the romantic survivals of pioneer Appalachia. Truthfully, they are the romantic survivals of the pioneer period of virtually anywhere in America.

The first is Romulus Linney's 1962 work of historical fiction, *Heathen Valley,* a title that should immediately warn the reader of the book's orientation. Although the novel's protagonist, the heathen-turned-churchman William Starns, believes that in the mountains "poor folks has poor ways," Heathen Valley's dominant interpretation of the culture comes from a supposed recounting of the region by botanist Asa Gray to

Courtesy of Mast General Store, Valle Crucis, N.C.

The Mast General Store, now a major tourist attraction, was an early example of entrepreneurship in Valle Crucis, N.C..

Bishop Nahum Immanual Ames. Ames was the man who, with Starns' help, established an Episcopal mission in Heathen Valley, a fictionalized version of Valle Crucis.

Gray goes into great detail about the "forsaken and isolated" people of Heathen Valley, who are "slipping back into savagery as the memories of the eastern seaboard, of Pennsylvania and New England, of towns and houses and churches and meetings left them." According to the botanist, they are a people "haunted by hallucinations and night spirits, obsessed by lunacy and death, hungry and violent, celebrating their passions and fears in wild, amoral sprees, wandering barefoot with ancient homemade long rifles that sometimes blew up in their faces, brandishing old, stone-sharpened barlow knives, and speaking a curt, blunt language occasionally obscured by forgotten words unknown."

Interestingly, Linney stood the then-dominant theory of American frontier development — that of historian Frederick Jackson Turner — on its head. Turner argued that the frontier first mastered the colonist, but then slowly, the colonist transformed the wilderness into the unique thing that is America. In Linney's view, however, the frontier turned men and women into animals, and they stayed that way.

A Different Version of History

Another very different and more recent version of Valle Crucis history may be found in local historian I. Harding Hughes Jr.'s *Valle Crucis: A History of an Uncommon Place.* In this 1995 book, you learn that at about the same time period as the one in which Linney's novel is set, there was actually quite a lot going on in Valle Crucis — and none of it involving hallucinations, night spirits, or lunacy.

A public/private enterprise, the Caldwell and Watauga Turnpike Company, connected the foothills towns of Lenoir, N.C., through Valle Crucis to East Tennessee. When this was completed in 1852, a stagecoach company called Old Albany ran daily coaches between Abingdon, Va., and Lincolnton, N.C., a route that passed through Valle Crucis.

An interest in education was equally strong. The 1850 census showed some 520 people enrolled in 12 public schools in various parts of the county, a number that would jump in a decade to 902 pupils attending 33 schools. Although more of the area's residents reported that their children were not attending school than were, the children of Valle Crucis' most prosperous families appear to have been attending school at the time of the census. Most of the children going to school had parents who could read and write.

There was a significant commercial interest in the area also. By the early 1850s, Henry Taylor, an enterprising young Seth Thomas clock salesman, established a retail store that spawned a number of similar businesses. There were several gristmills located in the Valle Crucis area and in Watauga County generally, there were 104 slaves and 81 free blacks listed in the 1860 census. Eleven of those slaves resided in Valle Crucis. Valle Crucis would thus appear to be a rather typical rural Southern community.

While Linney offers a romantic, popular, and Paradigmatic view of Valle Crucis, Hughes tells a story that sounds like much of America generally: a desire for education; class differences; a biracial and, at times, inequitable society; an entrepreneurial spirit and a go-ahead attitude toward opening up the region. The point is that the material culture that relates to these two accounts is quite different. Linney's story can be told easily using objects from the Canon. Hughes' requires, in addition to the Canon, the paraphernalia of bondage, stagecoaches, stock certificates, schoolbooks, manufactured goods, and Seth Thomas clocks. In short, as the Paradigm fades under the glare of contemporary scholarship, the Canon of artifacts loses the universality of its ability to tell a complete story of Appalachia.

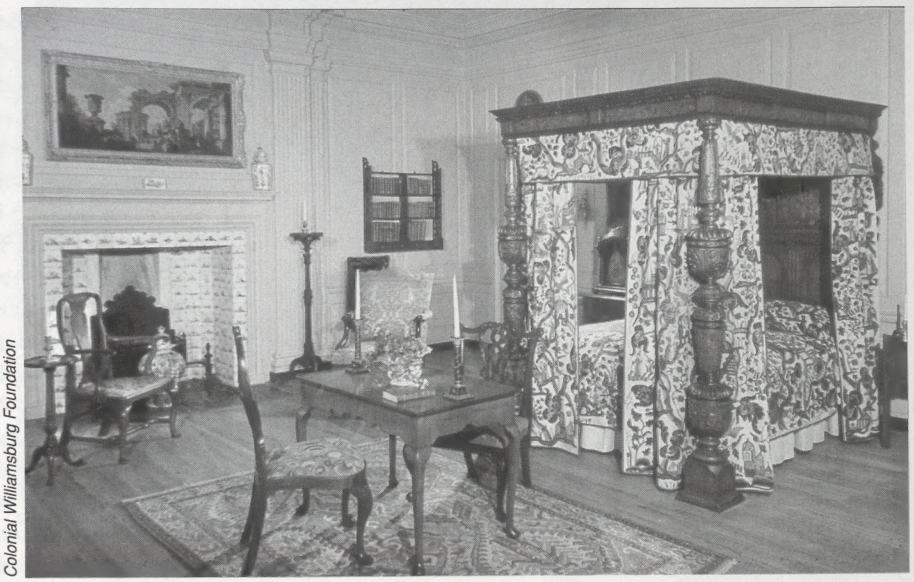
While Linney offers a romantic, popular, and Paradigmatic view of Valle Crucis, Hughes tells a story that sounds like much of America generally.

The Old Guard Fights Back

As writers such as historian Henry Shapiro and anthropologist Allen Batteau have shown in *Appalachia on Our Mind* and *The Invention of Appalachia*, respectively, Appalachia is a construct — and not a particularly useful one since it tries to describe both coal-mining Kentucky and West Virginia and tourist-mining North Carolina, Virginia, and Tennessee. Despite its lack of utility, the idea of Appalachia flourished after the Civil War, a time that also marked the beginning of the best and

the worst for America's WASP elite. Railroad building provided the takeoff necessary to launch the newly reunited nation into the industrial revolution. Government regulation of business was almost entirely nonexistent, and a select few made huge fortunes as the factory system spread throughout the country.

This newfound wealth, however, came at a cost. Factories needed workers, largely nonskilled ones, and factory owners needed to find new sources for these workers. The so-called New Immigration, beginning about 1880 and lasting through the end of the 19th century, drew heavily from areas far different from the traditional sources of American immigration, namely the British Isles and Northern Europe. Now, there was a veritable flood of Catholics and Jews from Southern, Central, and Eastern Europe. Congregating in the great Northeastern cities, they became the grist by which urban political bosses wrested control of government away from the traditional WASP elite.



Colonial Williamsburg Foundation

Installations such as the Northeast Bedroom of the Governor's Palace at Colonial Williamsburg, which opened in 1935, were instrumental in establishing how we imagined our colonial ancestors to have lived.

While these politicians forced the old guard to relinquish political power, the elites fought back on several fronts. First, they sought to justify their position in society by using Charles Darwin's recently formulated theories of evolution. Sociologist Herbert Spencer helped fashion the theory of Social Darwinism, which posited that people and societies, much like plants and animals, engaged in a competition where natural selection resulted in the survival of the fittest. If you were willing to equate wealth with the idea of "the fittest," then Social Darwinists came to what they saw as the inescapable conclusion that the rich deserved to be rich.

Secondly, the elites sought to stem the tide of new immigrants. They justified restriction by another concept in vogue at the time: eugenics. Based on the genetic ideas of the monk Gregor Mendel, eugenicists suggested that racial intermingling was inherently evil. Race, a term used at that time to distinguish ethnic groups as well as actual races, was important since the elite viewed the Anglo-Saxon "race" as superior and considered any mixing with inferior races as a "mongrelization." In 1924, Congress passed the National Origins Act, which essentially closed off immigration from Southern and Eastern Europe.

> From a material culture standpoint, the American 18th century, dominated by an Anglo-Saxon gene pool, was believed to be a time of cultured ease and comfort.

But pseudoscience and immigration restrictions were not the only fronts on which this war was fought. There was a cultural dimension as well. By the 1890s, certain elites were losing interest in the mechanically carved horrors emerging from the nation's furniture factories, as well as in the rest of the decorative arts cumulatively known to us today as the Victorian taste. Men like artist William Morris and art critic John Ruskin in England argued for a return to the medieval guild system, where an individual craftsperson had total control of his or her product from start to finish, in stark contrast to the factory system, which they saw as destroying the soul.

Against this background flourished the upper class nativist organizations such as the Sons and Daughters of the American Revolution and the Society of Mayflower Descendents. Part of the impulse behind such organizations was patriotic, but a collateral benefit was that qualification for membership served to distinguish the favored few from those whose origins were less gilt-edged.

False Yet Compelling

A Colonial Revival, generally considered to have originated with the 1876 Philadelphia Centennial, augmented this search for colonial ancestors. By the close of the 19th century, a taste for collecting colonial material culture, particularly furniture and silver, was in vogue among the elites. At the same time, certain architectural firms began to study colonial forms and reproduce them to suit modern needs. Art historians point to the 1909 Hudson-Fulton exhibition at the Metropolitan Museum of Art as the first major show of early American furnishings. This was followed in 1924 by the opening of the American Wing at the Met.

While there was undoubtedly an aesthetic purpose to the American Wing, there was an equally important political one. The major founders of the Wing — men such as attorney Robert W. DeForest and stockbroker R.T.H. Halsey — believed that if immigrant children could be brought face to face with the objects created by the same spirit that created the Declaration and the Constitution, they would, as if by osmosis, take on the spirit of American democracy and shed their natural heritage of anarchy

Reprinted with permission of Southern Highland Craft Guild, Asheville, N.C.

This low budget installation, from the first Southern Highland Handicraft Guild exhibition in 1930 at the Sunday School Room of the Second Presbyterian Church in Knoxville, Tenn., indicates why visitors would have been unlikely to accept the objects on display as valuable and important.

and misrule. On the heels of the American Wing came Colonial Williamsburg in Virginia, again with a political message overtly stated in its motto: "That the future may learn from the past."

From a material culture standpoint, the American 18th century, dominated by an Anglo-Saxon gene pool, was believed to be a time of cultured ease and comfort. Families, supposedly without exception, were surrounded by beautiful and luxurious goods, as illustrated by the period rooms. Such rooms became the standard display format for both the Met's American Wing and Colonial Williamsburg, as well as for most of the imitators who followed their lead.

Things were not entirely as they seemed, however. Revivalists revered objects that were, by and large, the high-style survivals of the most well-to-do members of colonial and early republic society. The assembly of these objects into period settings suggested a general standard of living that was in actual fact unimaginable for most Americans at the time. Yet by looking at such displays, it was easy to assume a ubiquitousness that was as false as it was compelling.

The Discovery of Appalachia

The discovery of Appalachia, of course, parallels the Colonial Revival movement but takes some interesting and divergent turns. While the real colonial period had ended everywhere else in the country, at least in the minds of some it continued uninterrupted in Appalachia. Not for nothing did Berea College president William Goodell Frost refer to mountain people as "our contemporary ancestors." There was no need for a Colonial Revival in Appalachia since colonial lifestyles were ongoing — if in a debased sort of manner.

When compared with the high-style artifacts that urban museums like the Metropolitan were offering as examples of typical colonial life, it is not surprising that Appalachian material culture looked like the stuff of hicks. Moreover, it was understood that the great colonial craftsmen were gone. The Townsends and the Goddards and the Duncan Phyfes were not coming back, and their great works, while they could be copied, could never be duplicated. The machine age had eliminated them. In fact, this is why most museums exhibiting early American decorative arts cut off their collections at about 1840, roughly the date at which machine work supplanted the hand.

But in the mountains, there were still people making crafts well into the 20th century — building chairs, weaving coverlets, creating baskets — even if these people had to be taught some of these skills by the ever-present missionaries. These missionaries quickly came to the conclusion that it was easier to teach people to make baskets than to save their souls. One of the best definitions of *art* is that it is something that has no use other than an aesthetic one. Because these Appalachian-made products were still available and did have a use, they were classed as crafts.

Crafts were defined in two ways. As sociologist and Oregon state legislator Allen Eaton said in the 1937 book, *Handicrafts of the Southern Highlands,* "handicrafts should be judged by two measurements — by the product itself and by what the making of it means to the producer." The tying of these two ideas together — the object itself and the spiritual uplift gained by its maker going about his or her work — devalued the object itself since part of its worth was achieved not by aesthetics but by the therapy it provided the worker.

The vision of craft as not quite art and not quite religion clearly debased the inherent value of craft objects. You can get a sense of this by comparing a typical early 20th-century ladder-back Appalachian chair and an 18th-century Chippendale version of the ladder-back, sometimes called a ribbon-back, that was finding its way into the best American art museums from time of the Met's 1909 Hudson-Fulton exhibit onward. At that moment, the dominant urban culture was in the process of defining the colonial-era Chippendale chair as fine art, even though it was every bit as much a work of handicraft as the Appalachian chair still being produced by mountaineers.

> Men like artist William Morris and art critic John Ruskin in England argued for a return to the medieval guild system.

In this sense, the reclassification of the Chippendale chair as fine art served as a rising tide that lifted all boats save one: the Appalachian chair. By comparison, the Appalachian chair was seen as lesser, degenerate, unimportant, a work of "craft." True, those who made Chippendale chairs might have been referred to

as "craftsmen" at the time they actually made the chairs, but the dominant urban culture now saw these people as *artisans,* as skilled workers. That was not the case in Appalachia. You need only look at the photographs Doris Ulman took of mountain craftspeople that appeared in Eaton's *Handicrafts* to see how she mercilessly tied the concept of otherness to the concept of craft.

Not Really Fine Art, Not Quite Folk

If Appalachian things could not be considered as fine art, they also did not rate as folk art. This was especially the case since folk art in the early 20th century was seen as a corollary of modern art. Not surprisingly, the foremost collector of folk art in the early 20th century was Abby Aldrich Rockefeller, wife of industrialist John D. Rockefeller Jr., the man who saved Colonial Williamsburg. Abby Rockefeller was also the force behind the creation of the Museum of Modern Art, and she, like many fellow collectors, saw a correspondence between folk and modern art. Modern art had been freed from the need to be representational, cubism being the most obvious manifestation of this process. The classic types of folk art that appealed to these early collectors — cigar store indians, decoys, painted furniture, weather vanes, toys, and so forth — exhibited a quirky individualism and creative spark that seemed to parallel what was going on in the contemporary art world. A number of painters, among them American Charles Sheeler who painted in a highly precise, machine-age style, became collectors of folk art.

Appalachian craft objects, in addition to not being old, were not sufficiently iconographic to attract the collectors or, more precisely, the dealers who fed the collectors. Mountain things were, by comparison, dull, and they were definitely not art. If Appalachia's major interpreters based their analysis of the mountains in the early and mid-part of the 20th century on the idea of a degenerated Anglo-Saxon culture, the mountain material culture Canon was also a degenerate version of the Anglo-Saxon corpus of objects featured in places like the Met's American Wing and Colonial Williamsburg.

Given the recent work of regional historians who have effectively dismantled the image of Appalachia as a classless, Anglo-Saxon-populated land that time forgot, it is surprising how attached the region's museums are to the Paradigm.

The Paradigm Lives On

Given the recent work of regional historians who have effectively dismantled the image of Appalachia as a classless, Anglo-Saxon-populated land that time forgot, it is surprising how attached the region's museums are to the Paradigm. It is the rare museum that discusses issues such as class structure, the market economy, racial diversity, and the modern Appalachian world.

There would seem to be several reasons for this. First, over the years, museums have built up collections that are obviously Canonical, and it is difficult to reinterpret them along contemporary lines. As psychologist Albert Maslow said, "When the only tool you have is a hammer, all of your problems look like nails." So it is also that when all of your tools are Canonical, all of your questions have to do with the Paradigm.

Contemporary collecting is difficult because most things a museum should collect are likely to be non-Paradigmatic. When, for example, my own museum, Appalachian State University's Appalachian Cultural Museum in Boone, N.C., acquired a sculpture entitled Gertie the Greeter, there was something of an outcry. The work is by Sal Kapunan, a long-time though part-time resident of Boone who happened to be Filippino. Although the Museum interpreted the piece within the context of the changing patterns of regional immigration, most of the uproar seemed to be based on the belief that the piece wasn't sufficiently "Appalachian."

Furthermore, most regional museums are small and not well-

Reprinted with the permission of Sal Kapunan, William A. Bake, and Parkway Publishers, Inc.

Sal Kapunan's Gertie the Greeter appears on the cover of his 1999 book that traces the relationship of his career as a visionary artist to the theories of Taoism.

funded. This means that they have neither the space nor the fiscal resources to mount the sort of exhibit that could produce a revolutionary change in attitudes. Instead, these museums are forced to crowd their artifacts together, a method of presentation that does not signify value.

Art museums, of course, learned centuries ago that the space between the objects is as important as the objects themselves. This is because space conveys importance to an object. The cramming of objects together in displays combined with the use of obviously inexpensive display furniture simply reinforces the idea that Appalachian objects are without value. And objects of little value are generally assumed to have been produced by cultures of lesser value.

Pleasing the Tourists

Of greatest importance, though, is the issue of tourism. Nonresidents of the region have been sold on the truthfulness of the Paradigm for a century. It has been marketed to them across time by organizations as diverse as Berea College, the Blue Ridge Parkway, and, most recently, by the Asheville, N.C.-based nonprofit organization HandMade in America, promoting handmade crafts as a means of fostering sustainable development. So it seems difficult at first glance to satisfy those tourists from other parts of the country with elements of a non-Paradigmatic reinterpretation of the region, particularly since *The Beverly Hillbillies* seems to be in perpetual reruns.

In "Tartan Mythology: The Traditional Tourist Image of Scotland," an essay included in *Destinations: Cultural Landscapes of Tourism,* Richard W. Butler suggests the complexity of the issue: "The appeal of Scotland to tourists appears to be very much tied to an image based on a limited and largely inaccurate historic picture very much at odds with the modern scene. Therefore," this professor in the University of Surry's management studies department continues, "in portraying the

> Appalachian craft objects, in addition to not being old, were not sufficiently iconographic to attract the collectors or, more precisely, the dealers who fed the collectors.

modern Scotland, promoters are, indirectly at least, threatening the very successful tourist image of Scotland."

The conundrum is that tourists may well desire the inaccurate over the accurate, the synthetic over the real. This was precisely the subject of Julian Barnes' recent novel, *England, England.* In this zany work, entrepreneur Sir Jack Pitman decides to do something good for England, his native land. Hoping to create a theme park that would highlight the best of England, he ultimately finds it easier simply to buy the Isle of Wight and establish his park — now named England, England — there. It is a mix of history — Robin Hood at one end and World War II Spitfires dogfighting Jerries at the other. England, England proves to be so popular that the other place — England — lapses into a preindustrial state, takes the name Anglia, and becomes a haven for people who wish to abandon modern life. The tourists, of course, hardly notice.

Letting Go of Myths

So what are the region's museums to do? First, they must certainly expand their collections and their interpretation programs to stay abreast of contemporary scholarship. This means collecting modern things, but it also means reaching back for historical objects not originally deemed important. It also means paying attention to actual circumstances. It is ludicrous, for example, to interpret a farmstead as a self-sufficient subsistence unit when there is an abandoned turnpike roadbed nearby.

Then there is the issue of tourism. Appalachian museums to a certain degree share a set of problems with the museums displaying high-style Anglo-Saxon decorative arts, the very institutions that put mountain objects in such a bad light earlier. Outstanding among these problems is the fact that the audience interested in worshipping the Anglo-Saxon antiquities of our

> The conundrum is that tourists may well desire the inaccurate over the accurate, the synthetic over the real.

forefathers is dwindling. If certain demographic predictions prove true, the nation will be predominantly Hispanic in the not-too-distant future.

How many of these people will be interested in the Paradigm? By reorienting our museums to reflect the truth about Appalachia, instead of losing tourism, we may attract far larger numbers than otherwise.

Too, we might well take the advice of Elaine McGunn, a down-at-the-heels Scottish aristocrat who is offered a plan by my favorite unscrupulous antique dealer, Lovejoy, in the mystery novel *The Tartan Sell,* penned by Jonathan Gash.

After observing that her family estate, Tachnadray, must have been lovely once, Lovejoy points out to her that "it could be developed. Tourists. Fishing. Build huts for nature cranks. Campsites. Tours around the baronial hall." Thinking he'd struck oil, Lovejoy presses on. "Have your own Highland Gathering. Tents, pipers, dances, folk-song evenings, original tartan kilts, Ye Olde Clan McGunn whiskey-making kits. McGunn-brand genuine Scottish bagpipes." Lovejoy, however, discovers that he had seriously overestimated the effectiveness of his sales pitch. Elaine, outraged at Lovejoy's suggestion that the McGunns join what she terms "the great Folklore Industry," a process she deems as the road to insanity, simply replies, "Myths are never the same again."

As in Scotland, myths are never the same in Appalachia. The Paradigm is gone. The Canon can no longer support the myth. It is time to let go, and it is time to change. N&T

A frequent contributor to Now & Then, *Charles Alan Watkins is the director of Appalachian State University's Appalachian Cultural Museum, Boone, N.C.*

The Lucy-Desi Museum

Paying Tribute to the Inventors of the Sitcom

by Paul Heimel

Jamestown, N.Y., celebrates a different kind of Appalachian pioneer.

"I've spent half of my life learning about Lucille Ball," says 31-year old Ric Wyman, an Elderon, Wisc., native whose affinity for the late comedienne led him to take over as director of the Lucy-Desi Museum in Jamestown, N.Y., in February 1999. "There's just something captivating about her."

The people of Jamestown feel the same way about their hometown hero. Jamestown, a quaint city of 35,000, is located on Chautauqua Lake's southern shore in southwestern New York. Maybe the people of Jamestown are so taken with Ball because she is the best known connection between a small Appalachian New York community and the larger world. Perhaps Ball's fame legitimizes Jamestown in the eyes of the local citizenry.

Lucille Ball is, of course, best known as the star of the groundbreaking early television show, *I Love Lucy.* The show, which premiered in 1951, told of Lucy Ricardo, a Cuban bandleader's wife whose relentless attempts to break into show business were constantly foiled. A fixture on television screens across America every Monday night during its six-year run, it has tickled a whole other generation in reruns. *"TV Guide* reported that Lucille Ball's face has been seen by more people more often than any other human in the world," Wyman asserts. "Jamestown is particularly proud to claim her as its own."

Put in those terms, the turnstile count in the first four years of the Lucy-Desi Museum's operation — roughly 60,000 from 30 countries — is relatively modest. "People are still finding out about us," Wyman offers by way of explanation. "We don't have a budget that allows for national advertising." Still, for Ric Wyman and Jamestown in general, it's the quality of the museum, not the quantity of its visitors, that is most important as the famous comedienne and the era she symbolizes fade deeper into the past.

Launching a Career

Born in Jamestown on August 6, 1911, Lucille Ball spent part of her

©Todd Brininger, courtesy of The Lucy-Desi Museum

Lucille Ball insisted that Desi Arnaz play her husband in *I Love Lucy,* a suggestion at first rejected by CBS.

©Todd Brininger, courtesy of The Lucy-Desi Museum

Lucille Ball's comedic genius rocketed *I Love Lucy's* Nielsen rating to number one just 12 weeks into its first season. Ball often referred to her hometown in the show, and several of the characters were given the names of some of Ball's Jamestown friends.

childhood in her grandfather Hunt's home in the nearby town of Celoron, where her family moved after her factory-worker father died of typhoid fever when Ball was only 4 years old. Exposed to vaudeville shows by her maternal grandfather, she

"Behind all of the slapstick humor of shows such as *I Love Lucy* is a very high degree of comedy genius." —Ric Wyman

felt an early attraction to the stage and, at age 15, enrolled in a drama school on Broadway in New York City. Less than a year later, told that her talent was minimal, Ball returned to Jamestown.

After kicking around the area as a drugstore soda jerk and an amusement park waitress, Ball moved back to New York City, where she became a model for Hattie Carnegie, an internationally famous dress designer. Ball was also seen as the "Chesterfield Cigarette Girl" on New York billboards. This led to an offer to appear in an Eddie Cantor film, *Roman Scandals,* in Hollywood. The talent scouts were looking for models, and Ball fit the bill. After she established herself as an actress in the early 1930s, appearing perhaps most notably in the 1937 film *Stage Door* with Katherine Hepburn, Ball encouraged her Jamestown family to join her in California.

However, that did not end her affiliation with her hometown. Ball stayed in touch with several childhood friends. One of them, Pauline Lopus, received a steady stream of letters, notes, and Christmas cards from her celebrity friend for more than 50 years. This collection, which chronicles many of the significant developments in Ball's life, was recently on loan to the museum.

Lopus and another early friend, Marion Strong Van Vlack, were so important to Ball that she used their names and incorporated them into the *I Love Lucy* show. Marion Strong was the name of one member of Lucy's Women's Club on the show. Lucy Ricardo was from Jamestown, and she often mentioned Celoron and Lake Chautauqua on the show. She even used the name of her childhood doctor when the script called for a physician. Lopus is just one of several Jamestown locals who can be seen on video in the museum, sharing stories about their childhood friend Lucille Ball.

From Festival to Museum

Bush Industries Inc., a furniture manufacturer headquartered in Jamestown and one of the region's major employers, provided seed money for the museum's formation in 1996. The Arts Council for Chautauqua County is also supportive. In its brief four-year history, the Lucy-Desi Museum has joined the ranks of the 126-year-old Chautauqua Institution — best known for its nine-week summer season of lectures, discussions, and concerts — to make the Jamestown area one of the nation's most highly regarded arts communities. A new attraction, the Roger Tory Peterson Institute of Natural History, only adds to its reputation as a cultural mecca.

Lucille Ball had planned to return home in 1989 to accept an honorary degree from Jamestown Community College, but she died that April. Less than two years later, in May 1991, the Arts Council staged a comedy festival in her honor, planting the seeds for the museum's establishment. Actress Lucie Arnaz, daughter of Lucy and Desi Arnaz, helped make the museum a reality with her donation of hundreds of her mother's and father's belongings. There are rooms full of their possessions in storage, waiting for placement in rotating exhibits.

The Lucy-Desi Museum also focuses on Ball's first husband, Desi Arnaz. Visitors learn that he came from a prominent Cuban family: His father had served as mayor of Santiago, Cuba, and his maternal grandfather was one of the founders of Bacardi Rum. The family fled to Miami in 1934 after the army coup led by Fulgencio Batista the year before, and it was there band leader Xavier Cugat discovered Arnaz before the young musician formed his own band in 1937. After a successful career as a bandleader and in movies, he partnered with his wife to develop and sell CBS network executives on their idea for a new television show, *I Love Lucy.* After some persuasion, the network agreed to let Ball's real-life husband, despite his pronounced Cuban accent, play her television mate, a role that allowed him to develop his considerable gifts as a straight man. In addition, Arnaz served as the show's producer.

As the popularity of television reruns will attest, we still love Lucy — perhaps no one more so than museum director Ric Wyman.

Comedic Genius and Technical Skill

"Behind all of the slapstick humor of shows such as *I Love Lucy* is a very high degree of comedy genius, complemented by technical skills that were a marvel of their era," Wyman explains. "Nobody

©Todd Brininger, courtesy of The Lucy-Desi Museum

One of the museum's rotating exhibits was "The Later Years" and showcased costumes worn by Lucille Ball and Desi Arnaz. The pleated gown on the left was a favorite of Ball's; she wore the gown on the right to the ABC special "Happy Birthday, Hollywood" in 1987.

leaves the Lucy-Desi Museum without a better appreciation for the work that went into the show."

In his 1995 book, *For the Love of Lucy,* Wyman spells out the nature of Ball's comedic gifts: "She was goofy but charming. She was gorgeous yet madcap. With a mere blink of her huge blue eyes or twist of her lips, her remarkable face could express everything from agony to zaniness. She schemed and connived with uncanny ingenuity to get what she wanted, and then wailed endearingly when her plans backfired. The more outlandish her predicaments," he observes,

> "Lucille Ball's face has been seen by more people more often than any other human in the world." —Ric Wyman

"the more she made us laugh."

Lucille Ball and Desi Arnaz — who started their own production company, Desilu, in 1951 to produce the show — were true television pioneers. While most other early television was broadcast live from New York City, Arnaz made the decision to shoot *I Love Lucy* on high-quality film in Hollywood, using three cameras instead of the single camera technique other early shows employed. This method of working had several far-reaching consequences. By filming, Ball and Arnaz became the first to create permanent documentation of their work. In addition, by creating a complete library of their shows, they virtually invented the rerun, making the lucrative practice of syndication possible.

Because Lucy always worked best in front of an audience — something she realized after starring in her own radio series in the late 1940s — the husband-and-wife team performed their sitcom episodes in front of spectators. Today, taping television comedy shows in front of a studio audience has become a standard practice. *I Love Lucy* was also the first prime-time sitcom to address the topic of pregnancy when the whole nation awaited the birth of Little Ricky in January of 1953.

Scripts, Trophies, & Wigs

At the museum are both permanent and rotating exhibits. Lucille Ball and Desi Arnaz grace oversized panels placed around the room. Those panels tell the story of their lives. Clips from *I Love Lucy,* where she mentions Jamestown, are played on an eight-foot viewing screen. Visitors can press a button or click a mouse and trigger audio clips from Ball's radio series, hear excerpts from Desi Arnaz's autobiography, *A Book,* or listen to Ball's old friends share childhood stories. Rotating exhibits feature everything from scripts, awards, trophies, and letters to costumes, luggage, and shoes. "We even had one of those famous red wigs on display recently," laughs Wyman. The black-and-white motif in many sections of the museum adds to its effectiveness, reminding many older visitors of the early days of television and giving younger ones a taste of those pre-Technicolor years.

In early 2000, producer Aaron Spelling donated tapes of every episode from Lucille Ball's last short-lived television show, *Life With Lucy,* to the museum, including five episodes never aired on television. The 1986 series concluded a career in comedy that began with a 1948 radio show, *My Favorite Husband,* followed by the 1951 debut of *I Love Lucy.*

A Perfect Fit

As the popularity of television reruns will attest, we still love Lucy — perhaps no one more so than Wyman. He started out as a fan who was entertained by Lucille Ball's slapstick comedy and her ability to draw the audience into whatever particular predicament confronted her character. This interest led to Wyman's authorship of the book, *For the Love of Lucy,* while he was still a student at the University of Wisconsin-Stevens Point, where he studied broadcasting. Shortly after his graduation in 1993, Abbeville Press agreed to publish the book.

"With all of that history about her career accomplishments and what she meant to the world, moving to Jamestown from Wisconsin and accepting the role of museum director seemed quite appropriate," Wyman says. "The people around here have been really great."

Ric Wyman and the community of Jamestown are a perfect fit. "Ric is kind of our adopted son," explains Mayor Sam

> "She was goofy but charming. She was gorgeous yet madcap. With a mere blink of her huge blue eyes or twist of her lips, her remarkable face could express everything from agony to zaniness." —Ric Wyman

Teresi, a Jamestown native. "He's the one who makes things go and makes sure that everyone knows Lucille Ball is Jamestown's contribution to the world." Wyman has spent the past two years drawing attention to the Lucy-Desi Museum. For example, CBS's *The Early Show,* the *London Daily Telegraph,* and Japan's *Colon Global Magazine* have all recently featured the museum. Last Au-

©Todd Brininger, courtesy of The Lucy-Desi Museum

Oversized panels from the permanent exhibit in the museum tell the story of the lives of Lucille Ball and Desi Arnaz. The displays give visitors a chance to listen to old radio shows, see short clips from television shows, and gain a good sense of the technical and comedic genius of Ball and Arnaz.

gust, *The Young and the Restless* daytime drama actress and avid Lucy fan, Melody Thomas Scott, helped stage a fashion show of Ball's costumes. In addition, last May's Lucy-Desi Days 2000 included "I Love Lucy: An Evening with Carol Channing," during which the veteran actress shared her own memories of Lucy and Desi. During the festival, the museum also invited the public to participate in a grape stomping contest in honor of one of the show's most famous skits. "Dress appropriately," the museum staff advised. "Grape juice stains."

Ageless

Lucy and Desi, who seemed so happy on television, divorced in 1960. But in the minds of many, they'll always be the ageless Lucy and Ricky Ricardo. Fred and Ethel Mertz will live on as their faithful sidekicks, and Little Ricky, no relation to the Arnazes, will always be little. The adult Little Ricky, former actor Keith Thibodeaux, is among those planning to visit Jamestown in May 2001 to celebrate in Lucille Ball's hometown the 50th anniversary of the launching of *I Love Lucy* during the 11th annual Lucy-Desi Days celebration.

The world is gradually discovering the Lucy-Desi Museum, the most recent boost coming from an on-air promotion by the popular cable television network, Nick-at-Nite. They ran a contest called "Lucytown Sweepstakes," which awarded an all-expense-paid trip for two to Jamestown for Lucy-Desi Days this past spring. Over 150,000 people entered. People in and around Jamestown welcome the attention — with pride.

Wyman sees all of this as a tribute not only to Lucille Ball and Desi Arnaz but also to the early days of television and the power that a red-haired, self-effacing actress from the hills of Appalachian New York could have on the American public. N&T

Author Paul W. Heimel grew up watching I Love Lucy, *a welcome relief during the travails and confusion of early adolescence and beyond. A free-lance writer living and working in Coudersport, Pa., he's still growing up (and still watching* I Love Lucy*).*

The Brilliant Days

Bright for you shone the days,
I remember a man singing
a long time ago, his inheritance

Of a meager life run through
by thirty. I'm over fifty and cold
to my knees in a river

Of actuality he never lived
and traveled long enough to see.
I'm out here watching

Bright carvings of the morning sun
on the watery burden ease
their own time toward me,

A few ripples molten, my good mind
on the emerald stones
in front of me, shining and in shadow,

Swimming and sinking at once,
the long weeds tailing from them,
goodbye, goodbye.

When I turn around and look,
they are still waving, though now
they are pulling away.

—Arthur Smith

Arthur Smith teaches at the University of Tennessee, Knoxville. He has published two books of poetry — Elegy on Independence Day *and* Orders of Affection. *Carnegie Mellon University Press will publish a third book of poems,* The Late World, *in 2001.*

Living the Past at Oak Hill School

by Amy D. Clark

Children come to an East Tennessee one-room schoolhouse and pay a visit to the 19th century.

I grew up listening to my great-grandma Ethel Stanley Russell talk about her experience as a student at Oak Grove School, a one-room schoolhouse perched at the crest of Ramsey Ridge in Southwest Virginia. A few years ago, I found the white clapboard building, looking much as it does in the turn-of-the-century pictures featuring Ethel, her siblings, and classmates dressed in petticoats and pigtails, overalls and white-collared shirts, lined up in front of the steps. Her brothers, Roley and Bill, taught there.

Students follow an actual fourth-grade curriculum from the 1892* Washington County Public Schools Manual, *which Jill Sauceman found resting in the archives.

Unfortunately, Oak Grove is now a haven for rats and a storage building for late 20th-century junk. It is a member of a dying breed across the Appalachian region: the one-room schoolhouse.

Amy D. Clark

Fourth-grade students, dressed like their 1892 counterparts and carrying lunch pails and copybooks, enter Oak Hill School for a day of late 19th-century lessons.

Laying the Groundwork

The Jonesborough-Washington County History Museum in Jonesborough, Tenn., is intervening to preserve this part of the

Courtesy of Historic Jonesborough Visitors Center and Museum

Between 1952, when the school board closed its doors, and 1992, when the property owner donated the building, the Oak Hill School spent time storing hay and deteriorating.

region's history with the Oak Hill School Heritage Education Center, a living museum located behind the Historic Jonesborough Visitors Center. The 1886 one-room school was originally built in the 10th District of the Washington County (Tenn.) school system and served students in grades one through eight in the community of Knob Creek before closing its doors for the final time in 1952. The building stood silent for more than 40 years, resigned (as most old buildings are) to hay storage. Nancy Sell Roberts, the property owner, donated the school to the museum in 1992. Four years later, the museum moved the building seven miles to Historic Jonesborough where extensive restoration began.

Though the schools' poplar clapboard siding is original, restoration — spearheaded by former museum director Barry Beach — took three years and many volunteers (including the Washington County sheriff's department "Dirty Street Fighters," a group comprised of skilled inmates who painted the walls and laid a brick sidewalk). Nelson Adolphson and Curtis Buchanan restored the Victorian-style belfry, and Jim Miller, who works on historic buildings, is responsible for much of the carpentry. Inside, a coal-burning, potbellied stove still squats in the middle of the room between aged desks and benches where students of a new century can simulate the 19th-century one-room school experience.

The boys are dressed in overalls, fur caps, and flannel shirts; the girls are wearing bonnets, prairie dresses, and petticoats, looking as if they might have stepped out of a Laura Ingalls Wilder novel.

Washington County Teacher's Guidelines of Conduct

These guidelines, issued in 1872 by the Washington County Department of Education, were the rules of conduct for that time period.

1. Teachers each day will fill lamps, clean chimneys.
2. Each teacher will bring a bucket of water and a scuttle of coal for the day's session.
3. Make your pens carefully. You may whittle nibs to the individual taste of pupils.
4. Men teachers may take one evening each week for courting purposes, or two evenings per week if they go to church regularly.
5. After 10 hours in school, teachers may spend the remaining time reading the Bible or other good books.
6. Women teachers who marry or engage in unseemly conduct will be dismissed.
7. Every teacher should lay aside from each pay a goodly sum of his earnings for his benefit during the declining years so that he will not become a burden on society.
8. Any teacher who smokes, uses liquor in any form, frequents pool or public halls, or gets shaved in a barber shop will give good reason to suspect his worth, intention, integrity and honesty.
9. The teacher who performs his labor faithfully and without fault for five years will be given an increase of 25 cents per week in his pay, providing the Board of Education approves.

From *Oak Hill School Teacher's Resource and Curriculum Guide, 1999.*

Amy D. Clark

Present-day fourth-grade students pose as the class of 1892.

The next step involved researching what a typical day in the 1890s would have been like for one-room school students. Jill Sauceman, museum education specialist and author of the resource guide, spent hours researching and compiling history, which culminated in the *Oak Hill School Teacher's Resource and Curriculum Guide.* Prior to their visit, teachers are equipped with this extensive guide, which offers historical background on the one-room school, school clothing, and information on rural education in Washington County, Tenn. Additionally, the 1872 "Teacher's Guidelines of Conduct" (see sidebar, p. 14), the 1892 "Teacher's Duties" and "Rules for Students at Oak Hill School," and an 1892 fourth-grade course of study are included.

To better prepare students prior to their visit, the guide suggests pre-visit activities such as preparing 1892 school lunch food (beef jerky and apple butter, for example) or learning 19th-century songs. Post-visit activities challenge students to locate old buildings in their communities and research their histories or compare/contrast life today to that of a 19th-century student.

For the day of the visit, the guide outlines a schedule of events complete with a description of each activity. Students follow an actual fourth-grade curriculum from the 1892 *Washington County Public Schools Manual,* which Sauceman found resting in the archives. She says they use the fourth-grade curriculum because that is the first grade in which Tennessee history is presently taught. She also points out that activities tie in with current curriculum objectives for the fourth grade in Tennessee.

Back to the three R's

On a blustery October day, a group of fourth-graders from three East Tennessee schools have gathered to practice the three R's of education: reading, 'riting, and 'rithmetic, as their great-grandparents might have done nearly a hundred years before them. The boys are dressed in overalls, fur caps, and flannel shirts; the girls are wearing bonnets, prairie dresses, and petticoats, looking as if they might have stepped out of a Laura Ingalls Wilder novel. "I just finished *On the Banks of Plum Creek,*" one of them whispers, the tops of her black granny-boots peeking out from the ruffle of her skirt.

Kathy Mays, a retired teacher and curator of the museum, serves as the schoolmarm. She is dressed in period attire: a gray, high-necked dress with a broach nestled at the throat and skirts that sweep the floor. Her hair is woven into a tight bun. She rings a brass bell as the children walk single file to the school, where they are seated, shortest in the front and tallest in the back, with girls on one side and boys on the other.

"I like it this way," a girl giggles. "Boys are difficult."

Gloom retreats as sunshine filters through the tall windows and casts slants of light across the floor. There's a biting chill in the air as we're reminded that electricity was not added until 1941 — and that the potbellied stove no longer works. The children begin with the original version of the Pledge of Allegiance (see sidebar on p. 17) as it was recited in

The girls play a ring-tossing game with sticks and hoops. An energetic fellow rolls a larger hoop past them, guiding it with a stick.

Courtesy of Historic Jonesborough Visitors Center and Museum

Members of the class of 1905-1906 pose for their class picture. The teacher is Isaac N. Humphreys.

Amy D. Clark

Crystal Thomas, Becky Haskins, and Faith Yonce from Tri-Cities Christian Schools enjoy a 19th century-style lunch straight from their pails, including ham biscuits, apples, and jam.

1892, the year it was written. "President Harrison would be so proud of you!" the schoolmarm chirps.

Penmanship is the first lesson of the day. Mays instructs the children how to hold and dip quill pens into their jars of ink before tracing letters in their copybooks. They do this laboriously, tongues curled above upper lips, as if their lives depend on it. "Mine won't write!" someone calls out. "Dip it into your ink jar and hold it like this," the schoolmarm demonstrates. A series of scratches echo from the hardwood floors and ceiling as the students dip and write, their iMacs and IBMs temporarily forgotten.

The morning activities also include a drawing lesson, during which students replicate a picture from an 1890s-style drawing book. Mays calls students to the front for arithmetic; they spend their time learning measurements and prices for mercantile items. Their quill pens, it turns out, cost two cents. "I've got a buck in my pocket," Chris says, "and back then, that was a lot."

Lunch Pails and Beef Jerky

The boys and girls work diligently, well aware of the behavior expected of 19th-century students, not to mention common forms of discipline employed for those who did not follow strict rules. Corporal punishment included whippings with a ruler or hickory stick ("kid abuse," as one student quipped). For less severe infractions, a student might have stood in the corner, worn a dunce cap, or copied moral messages. Though present-day students rarely misbehave during their visit, those who do might find their noses pressed inside a drawn circle on the chalkboard.

Recess follows in the schoolyard, where students play with toys typical of the era. On the sidewalk, a couple of boys play jacks, while others toss a ball in the yard behind them. The girls play a ring-tossing game with sticks and hoops. An energetic fellow rolls a larger hoop past them, guiding it with a stick. The schoolmarm rings the bell and instructs everyone to line up. It's time for lunch.

Lunch pails made from large coffee cans with rope for handles clatter onto tables. (One group had made their own beef jerky and apple butter days before.) Students hungrily pull ham biscuits, apples, and cornbread wrapped in waxed paper from their pail, some of which are decorated. Tin cups are passed out for milk and water.

They'll need the nourishment. The afternoon is packed with sessions of grammar and spelling, followed by history. Students also read and discuss a story with a moralistic theme. Geography and a "spelldown" wrap up the day before Mays instructs the students to clean their slate boards and put them away. They file out as the schoolmarm bids them goodbye from the door.

From Kindergarten to Senior Citizens

Though students begin learning about the one-room school experience weeks before they arrive, some of them know of it from relatives who attended one-room schools, a generation that will soon be gone.

"My granny told me a little bit about it," Jonathan states, "like you had to go outside to use the bathroom." Incidentally, an authentic outhouse has been donated and moved to the site. Though it most likely won't be functional, there are plans for its restoration.

Sauceman says the project is still in its early stages. From vision to development, the Historic Jonesborough Foundation,

Geography and a "spelldown" wrap up the day before Mays instructs the students to clean their slate boards and put them away. They file out as the schoolmarm bids them goodbye from the door.

Tennessee Humanities Council, the town of Jonesborough, state contributions, and donations from various sources, including Oak Hill's alumni, provided the funds for the project.

This year, Oak Hill School held its third annual alumni re-

Amy D. Clark

Students concentrate as they practice their penmanship with a quill pen.

The 1892 Pledge of Allegiance

I pledge allegiance
to my flag
and to the republic
for which it stands,
one nation,
indivisible,
with liberty
and justice
for all.

Francis Bellamy wrote the Pledge of Allegiance in 1892 to be used by public schools during flag-raising ceremonies for the 400th anniversary of the discovery of America by Christopher Columbus. It has been modified twice, in 1924 and 1952.

union, which drew alumni from 1925 to 1952. Approximately 94 alumni and family members gathered to reminisce and tour the old schoolhouse. Some alumni have also sponsored desks; plaques affixed to the desks memorialize a single alumnus or an entire family. Sauceman says there are about 104 alumni currently on the mailing list.

According to Sauceman, Oak Hill School is a "year-round project" serving an increasing number of schools in the area operating on a year-round schedule. There are currently plans for improvements and expanded uses for the facility. In addition to renovating the outhouse, the museum intends to insulate the school and add "unobtrusive" electricity, along with gas heat connected to the potbellied stove, so groups such as storytellers can use the building after hours.

"We have it a whole lot easier now than they did back then," Rachel says matter-of-factly. A chorus of agreement ripples down the table.

The ultimate goal, however, is to enlighten students who would otherwise have to depend on their imaginations to take them back into a world where video games didn't exist. The program, which began in October 1999, has so far hosted approximately 750 students through November 2000. Students from the Tennessee counties of Washington, Greene, Sullivan, Carter, and Unicoi (including city and private schools) have visited, as well as Sullins Academy in Bristol, Va., and numerous home-school groups. In November, the first elementary school group from Knoxville is scheduled to spend the day. Still, Sauceman says, "We've only tapped into a small number of schools. We would like to set up in-service training sessions all over Northeast Tennessee to make teachers aware of what we are doing."

"Kids from 6 to 16 love it," Sauceman explains. "The curriculum is adaptable to all ages and we keep everything as original as possible." Kathy Mays, who spent 26 years teaching in the Metro-Nashville school system, has even adapted the curriculum to kindergarten and first-grade classes.

The news about Oak Hill School is spreading to the college community as well. Education classes from institutions such as Virginia Intermont in Bristol, Va., East Tennessee State University in Johnson City, Tenn., and Milligan College in Milligan College, Tenn., have participated in the one-room school. Indeed, students of all ages can benefit from the experience. Sauceman says a Sunday school class of senior citizens dressed in period attire spent a day at Oak Hill School; that particular class was taught by a retired "schoolmarm" who had herself actually taught in a one-room schoolhouse in Southwest Virginia.

Accolades

A 1999 Award of Excellence from the Tennessee Association of Museums attests to Oak Hill School's accomplishment as a unique example of the "living" museum. However, the toughest critics are those fourth-graders — and they use words like "fun" to describe their day, the highest accolade a fourth-grader can bestow.

A quiet girl named Rachel with freckles and long brown hair is nibbling on a biscuit from her lunch pail when I ask her what she's learned. "We have it a whole lot easier now than they did back then," she says matter-of-factly. A chorus of agreement ripples down the table.

"And *I've* learned," her friend Lydia pipes in, "that I can live without my computer." N&T

Amy Clark, who played the role of the superintendent of schools for the day when she observed Oak Hill School in action, is an instructor of English and oral communication at the University of Virginia's College at Wise. She is also a weekly columnist with the Bristol Herald-Courier. *She contributed an essay titled "Can't Pronounce Appalachia?" to* Now & Then's *summer 2000 issue.*

First Grade

A rite: each morning the teacher chose two proud
Strong boys to leave the class with pails
And bring back drinking water. Those laden bails
Weighted fingers numb and knees to walking bowed—

Though each boy stepped as true as weight allowed,
The other looking on and measuring up.
Long afternoons the bucket waited: one sip,
Earth-chilled, as the dipper found light and glowed.

Winter, our palms against the bar burned cold,
The pump a surly troll to thump and coax.
We swung the handle hard and savage as an ax,
Till frozen ground let go and water flowed.

— James Owens

James Owens is a graduate student at the University of Alabama, Tuscaloosa, and the editor of The Sow's Ear Poetry Review. *He received the first place award in* Now & Then's *poetry competition in 1998.*

A Mammoth Undertaking

by Jeff Crooke

Saltville, Va., residents turn to their valley's long history in a search for future prosperity.

Just before I met him in the spring of 2000, Fred DeBusk had placed an order for a few hundred Monopoly houses and hotels. It was a large enough order to get the attention of the game manufacturer Hasbro's legal team, who drew up a licensing contract for DeBusk to use the pieces. The tiny green and red plastic domiciles dotted the floor of a plywood replica of Saltville, Va., a town of 2,000 located about 120 miles southwest of Roanoke. Saltville rests in a valley as tightly penned in by the mountains of Southwest Virginia as the miniature valley is boxed by the sides of the model DeBusk is creating for the new Museum of the Middle Appalachians.

A contract and finish carpenter by trade, DeBusk's involvement in the development of the Museum of the Middle Appalachians dates back to 1992, well before the concept for the museum even existed, when one of his daughters became fascinated by the archaeological digs sponsored by the Virginia Museum of Natural History.

It is an effort still going on in the town and surrounding valley. He had access to a backhoe, and it seemed a simple enough task at the time to lend a hand.

What started as a simple task, however, has mushroomed into a major commitment. In addition to his work as a contractor, DeBusk estimates he volunteers 15 to 20 hours a week to the museum, much of it in planning the displays he builds. His wife, Patty, is the town florist, but she too spends a good deal of her time coordinating exhibits.

On a concrete stoop behind the hardware store where the huge model is in progress sits a large, rusted cast-iron kettle. Rescued from a fate as a front porch planter, the kettle has a bottom with a single, perfectly round hole in it. Whatever caused that hole — whether it rusted through, was drilled for drainage, or shot through by a Union musket ball, the kettle's capacity to hold water for salt distillation is long gone.

The Museum of the Middle Appalachians is, like the salt the kettle once produced in the area, a distillation of the valley's enormous historical legacy. From millions of years ago — when vast gypsum and salt deposits were left behind after the Appalachian Mountains took the place of a shallow inland sea — to the present day, Saltville has a rich and varied history. It is the ambitious goal of this new museum to have exhibits and

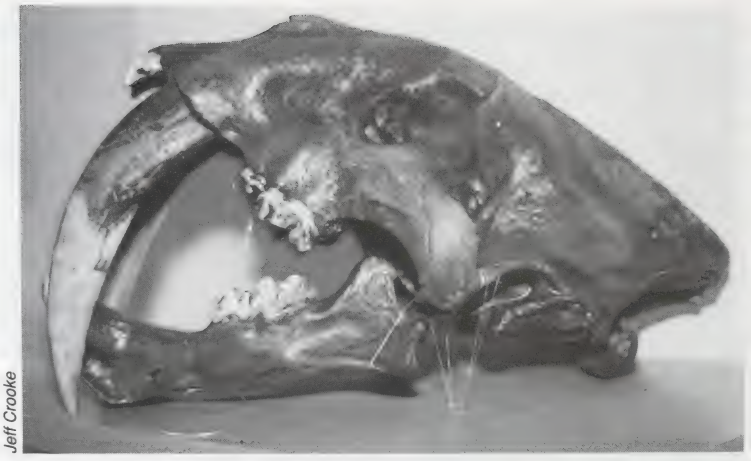
Jeff Crooke

Fred DeBusk stands beside the diorama of the valley his family has called home for five generations.

programs that deal with the entire span of the valley's natural and cultural history.

Volunteers to the Rescue

The vision for the museum began in the late 1980s. Saltville had been a classic company town for decades, with the British firm, Matheison Corp., operating a plant making chemicals such as soda ash, bicarbonate of soda, dry ice, and chlorine since its arrival in 1895. Later, after having been bought out by the Olin Corporation, the facility would produce hydrazine, a chemical used in rocket fuel that propelled the Apollo lunar lander missions. Olin not only provided employment for a majority of the town's population, it also ran the town's company stores.



Jeff Crooke

A model of a saber-toothed tiger skull is indicative of the unique set of geological conditions that preserved a remarkable fossil record in Saltville, including the full skeleton of a musk ox, only the second found in North America. It is currently on loan to the Smithsonian Institution.

The Museum of the Middle Appalachians is, like the salt the kettle once produced in the area, a distillation of the valley's enormous historical legacy.

Being a company town had its downside. When Olin pulled out of Saltville in 1972, the town began a slow economic slide. The townspeople began to look for some means of supporting themselves close to home and turned to the valley's historical legacy as a resource, pushing to make Saltville a tourist destination with the museum as a focal point.

Turning Saltville into a tourist destination has largely been the work of volunteers. In a July 1998 *Smyth County News & Messenger* article, teacher Helen Barbrow observed, "We are mostly local people, all volunteers, and we are here because we believe in the development of the museum."

According to DeBusk, in 1991 the Saltville Foundation was composed of a group of distinguished volunteers from throughout the region and charged with establishing an exhibit and research museum, outdoor interpretive trails, and community outreach programs. A volunteer group, called the Friends of the Saltville Foundation, was formed to help pursue these goals. The Friends worked diligently to promote the museum effort through publicity efforts, such as the creation of Woolly, a life-sized woolly mammoth, and Little Salty, a life-sized woolly mammoth offspring. Woolly and Little Salty attended dozens of public events such as area Christmas parades in the Virginia communities of Wytheville, Saltville, Glade Springs, Marion, and Chilhowie as well as Bristol, Tenn.-Va. In addition, the mammoth parent and child have also dropped in on NASCAR races in Martinsville, Va., and Bristol and helped the Virginia Museum of Natural History in Martinsville with its grand opening.

Says DeBusk, "Economic benefits to the area include a general boost to the local economy, including new business opportunities — such as specialty shops — and the obvious boost to local gas stations and restaurants."

Through grants and private funding, the Foundation raised enough money to convert a theater in downtown Saltville into a 2,500 square foot exhibit space. A single 600 square foot exhibit hall and gift shop opened on July 4, 1998. The gift shop sells items related to the town's legacy, ranging from toys to scientific books.

The continued efforts of volunteers such as Catherine "Kitty" Cox, a retired educator and current Foundation president, made the full expansion of the museum into the theater space possible within just a year. "I'll work three nights a week until about 10 p.m. before going home exhausted," she says. DeBusk says of Cox, "She is a very special person with a desire and stamina matched by very few, if any, in her pursuit of the goal of establishing the Museum of the Middle Appalachians."

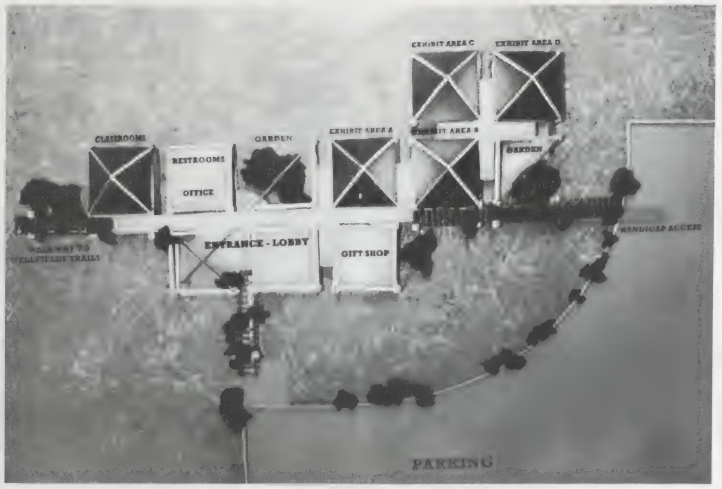
Fred DeBusk

Emily Brickey, daughter of "Woolly Walker" Sam Brickey, poses in front of Woolly and Little Salty. The mammoths require a crew of six "Woolly Walkers" to make the models' sounds and move their heads, tails, ears, eyes, and mouths. The shaggy pair also sprays their audience with a 50 foot stream of water.

Lots of Territory

Already, even in its early stages, the museum covers a lot of territory. The exhibits begin with the geology of the valley. On display is a large collection of mineralogical specimens native to the valley and loaned to the museum

by area geologists. Another prehistory exhibit examines the vast fossil record found around the valley, sometimes stumbled across completely serendipitously; for example, a mastodon jaw was found in the back of a truckload of dirt taken from the building site of a grocery store. Thomas Jefferson was once presented with a mammoth tooth from the area, and several of these are on display, as well as a mammoth tusk that surfaced in a drainage ditch in 1965. Models of skulls of dire wolves and saber-toothed tigers renew childhood fascinations with prehistoric creatures.



Jeff Crooke

The new museum, to be built by 2005, will have a unique design. Because of frequent low-grade seismic activity, lasers will be used to control jacks to keep the eight buildings level.

Saltville is the site of what may be some of the earliest known human settlements on record in North America, with campsite evidence possibly dating back more than 13,000 years. An exhibit on Woodland Indians of the period from around 1000 B.C. to A.D. 1600 documents human activity in the area and contains one of the largest collections of Native American beadwork in eastern North America, including a magnificent six-strand necklace made entirely of hundreds of the tiny shells of freshwater snails.

The Civil War exhibit details Saltville's contribution to the Confederate effort as the largest producer of salt for the troops during the war. According to Radford University geologist Robert Whisonant, in the decade before the war, Saltville at times had only one furnace and produced somewhere around 250,000 to 300,000 bushels a year. Territorial losses and the Union's naval blockade of Southern ports greatly increased the small Virginia community's strategic importance to the Confederacy. By 1864, the village's salt industry had swelled, with 38 furnaces producing approximately 4 million bushels of salt annually. The military used salt for a number of important reasons, chief among them food preservation and the tanning of leather used to make shoes and other goods for soldiers.

Due to its strategic value, Saltville was the site of two battles during the Civil War, one in October of 1864 and the second just two months later. Neither was effective at shutting down the vast salt manufacturing process operating in the valley. The Saltville Museum's exhibit currently consists of the gear a Confederate solider may have used, including weaponry. There are also some very well-executed original ink portraits of Confederate military leaders Gen. George Pickett, Brig. Gen. J.E.B. Stuart, Maj. Gen. Thomas J. "Stonewall" Jackson, and Gen. Robert E. Lee.

This is a town that has always prided itself on its work ethic, and they have devoted an entire section of the museum to its days as a company town. The Totten family exhibit includes over 1,200 finished photos, numerous glass plates, and several hundred negatives. Area resident Tom Totten took many of these photographs; his father had also been an amateur photographer. In 1998, the family gave to the museum the collection, representing a vast record of Saltville's industrial life from the late 1800s to the early 1900s. Volunteers and Radford University students are currently cataloguing and digitizing the collection, with a plan to have the photographs on a computer in the gift shop by sometime in 2001 so people can access the pictures through a keyword-searchable database. They can then print out the selected photographs and purchase them.

> It is the ambitious goal of this new museum to have exhibits and programs that deal with the entire span of the valley's natural and cultural history.

Ambitious Plans

The Foundation has adopted an ambitious development plan that includes building a new museum within the town limits by 2005. The facility will be located in Saltville's well fields area, a site where shallow wells were dug in order to bring brine to the surface. The museum plans call for eight 32-by-32 foot buildings, costing approximately $2 million. The Foundation is currently working out the details of a grant of about $70,000 from a federal grant program to construct the interpretive trails in the well fields area of Saltville. The first paid staff members, in-

Jeff Crooke

Kitty Cox shows off the six-strand necklace made by the Woodland Indians in the period just before the New World was settled.

Jeff Crooke

The original exhibit hall for the museum opened July 4, 1998. It features rotating exhibits like this one on mapping of the region through time.

cluding a full-time museum store/site manager and a part-time museum education coordinator, were recently hired.

In the spring of 2000, U.S. Rep. Rick Boucher and Virginia Delegate John Tate were invited to the unveiling of the future plans for the construction of the permanent facilities of the Museum of the Middle Appalachians. According to DeBusk, who was present at the meeting, Boucher called the museum plan the "most exciting project in his district."

The blueprint for the $2 million new museum is on display at the current site and features a unique design. Buildings would be joined by walkways, with each structure sitting on four large leveling jacks, one under each corner of the building. A laser-leveling device would wrap around the whole of the buildings and determine if any of them had settled or risen as a result of the frequent low-grade seismic activity that goes on in the Saltville Fault, which runs from Craig County, Va., to Alabama. The leveling jacks would then be adjusted to make sure the museum is always level.

Saltville is the site of what may be some of the earliest known human settlements on record in North America.

A Community's Salvation?

When I returned in late summer, DeBusk had completed his display. It now stands in the center of the Museum of the Middle Appalachians. The panels gleam with informational displays, where visitors are encouraged to push buttons that light up various parts of the valley, including the fault line. Minute lights mounted discretely in the diorama illuminate the Confederate defense works perched atop the mountains as well as the W.A. Stuart House, home of former Governor Henry Stuart and the boyhood home of Robert Porterfield, founder of Barter Theatre, the state theater of Virginia in Abingdon. The house was recently donated to the Saltville Foundation, and plans are underway for a living history museum at the site, plus possibly a residence for the museum director.

The hillsides that were bare balsa wood when I had visited in the spring are now covered in green forest. The red and green houses have all been meticulously handpainted and stand, row upon row, the vision of a new town wrapped in the history of the old.

"The fortunate thing is we live in this valley where you can trace your history back 15,000 years," says Helen Barbrow. "It may be the community's salvation." N&T

Jeff Crooke is a freelance writer living in Blacksburg, Va. He can be reached via e-mail from his birding column for the Roanoke Times. *Read Winging It! at www. roanoke. com/wingingit.*

Chronicle

I would go back to my grandmother's house,
the one she lived in before the highway came through
where forsythia fountains crowded the side yard
and my parents posed once for a picture
before they were married,
the house I played in while Daddy rebuilt the front steps
where curtained French doors divided the rooms
and the upright piano hauled from the homeplace
beckoned me in the entryway.

I would go back and help her search for that lost diary,
the one she kept on a trip from East Tennessee to Oregon
before the Depression when Daddy was four.
She recorded the route, mapping their journey on the pages,
commented on the rich black earth she fingered
on her sister's farm in Iowa,
counted the desert stars they camped under at night.
She wrote down her husband's family tree
traced the branch lines of the brothers who had moved
their lumber mills from the mountains to the coast.
She wrote and kept up with five kids on the long road.

She used to cry when she remembered those mislaid words.

I would go back and we would find that diary,
maybe in a cupboard under a redware bowl
or in one of the boarders' rooms where it was borrowed
once to prop up a window.
Maybe we would find it behind the clawfoot tub
or at the bottom of some forgotten trunk
under the quilts her mother had made.
She would giggle when she spotted it,
a corner sticking out from behind its lost place.
And she would give it to me.
I would go back and read her life.

—Marianne Worthington

Marianne Worthington, the new reviews editor for Now & Then, *teaches communication studies at Cumberland College in Williamsburg, Ky. Her essays have appeared in* Appalachian Heritage *and* Mossy Creek Reader. *This is her first published poem.*

A Diamond From Coal Country

The Papers of Lee Marshall Smith

by Caroline Weaver

From childhood stories to copies of award-winning manuscripts, Appalachian writer Lee Smith's papers have found a home in Raleigh, N.C.

Two neatly written pages on a yellow legal pad, punctuated with scribbled comments here and there, rest in a glass exhibit case at North Carolina State University's D.H. Hill Library in Raleigh. The carefully preserved text begins: "Mr. Adlai Stevenson spotted a camp site very close." The writer goes on to chronicle the adventures of politician and statesman Adlai Stevenson and actress Jane Russell as they head west to become Mormons.

This manuscript, the work of 12-year-old Lee Marshall Smith, is featured in an exhibit titled "A Diamond From Coal Country: The Career of Lee Smith." The North Carolina State University (NCSU) Libraries' special collections department has organized this exhibit of photographs, handwritten manuscripts, correspondence, awards, and memorabilia in honor of the Appalachian writer's retirement from NCSU last spring. Having opened in Raleigh in October with a crowded reception and a performance of the musical version of the novel *Fair and Tender Ladies,* the NCSU exhibit is scheduled to run through January 31, 2001. After it closes in Raleigh, "A Diamond From Coal Country" is scheduled to travel throughout the region in 2001.

Lee Marshall Smith Papers, NCSU Libraries

Lee Smith, who began writing as a young girl, has donated many of her papers to North Carolina State University.

A Varied Career

Lee Smith's distinguished career got its start in her hometown of Grundy, Va., where she wrote stories such as the saga of Stevenson and Russell's long trek west and sold them to neighbors for five cents each. As improbable as this migration tale is, Smith points out that it contains themes that concern her even today: "religion and flight, staying in one place or not staying, containment or flight." She left Grundy to attend high school in Richmond, Va., and Hollins College, in Roanoke, Va. It was while at Hollins that she enjoyed what she termed her "breakout period," providing her with an intellectually and socially stimulating environment and a chance to enjoy a brief stint as a go-go dancer for an all-girl rock band called the Virginia Woolfs.

Although Smith went on to a varied career as a reporter, film critic, newspaper editor, and educator, she is of course best known as an award-winning writer of fiction. Among her many published novels and short stories are *The Last Day the Dogbushes Bloomed,* written while a student at Hollins in the

Lee Marshall Smith Papers, NCSU Libraries

While at Hollins College, Smith found kindred souls in other aspiring writers such as Annie Dillard. Inspired by Mark Twain, a group of students, Smith among them, spent 11 days on a raft recreating Huckleberry Finn's fictional journey on the Mississippi River.

1960s; *Oral History,* published in 1983; the 1988 novel *Fair and Tender Ladies;* and *The Christmas Letters,* which appeared in 1996. She has received many awards and honors throughout her career, including two O. Henry Awards for her short stories in 1979 and 1981. Most recently, the American Academy of

What has resulted to date from all this sorting, culling, and organizing are 24 boxes full of Smith's papers.

Arts and Letters bestowed on her the Academy Award in Literature in May 1999. After teaching at both the high school and college levels, she came to NCSU in 1981 as an assistant professor of English.

Lee Smith first began donating her papers to the NCSU Libraries in 1991, and the process continues. Every so often, she sends a laundry basket full of papers to add to the collection. The records encompass all stages of her writing career and illustrate the process involved in the creation of a book. They make it possible for a researcher to trace the progress of a piece of fiction—from Smith's handwritten notes to computer-generated manuscripts, typeset proofs, and suggested artwork to reviews of the finished product. For example, materials related to her popular and critically acclaimed epistolary novel, *Fair and Tender Ladies,* range from her notes to maps of the region where the novel's formidable and spirited protagonist, Ivy Rowe, lived to handwritten manuscripts and even her adaptations of the novel as a play.

A Painstaking Process

When I came to NCSU in 1995, I became the archivist charged with processing the collection, always a lengthy and painstaking procedure. First of all, I selected items of lasting scholarly value and either discarded the rest or offered them back to Smith. I had to read many photocopied manuscripts of novels and short stories, certainly one of the more entertaining aspects of an archivist's duties. In addition, as with many modern manuscript collections, I had to evaluate a variety of media, including photographs, video and sound recordings, unpublished letters, and computer-generated texts. I kept items based on their historical or informational value; for instance, I retained all of the various versions of short stories. Ultimately, I culled approximately 25 percent of the donated materials—exact duplicates of reviews or articles, for example—from the collection.

Once I decided which materials would become part of the archival record, I embarked on the task of arranging them. In the archival world, we use the phrase *respect des fonds,* which refers to our practice of placing a high priority on maintaining the materials' original order. Accordingly, I did my best to retain the arrangement Smith had established in order to preserve existing relationships, which in turn yield insights into the writer's creative process. Often, as I was sorting through these versions, I had to look for clues indicating where each draft fit in the process of writing and editing the story or novel. If there was no apparent order to a section of the collection, I organized the materials chronologically.

The next step was to copy many of the reviews and articles, originally printed on acidic newsprint onto acid-free paper for long-term preservation. Most paper produced in the 19th and 20th centuries is acidic, and that acid can break down the fibers, causing the paper to become brittle and disintegrate. In addition, photographs must be protected from dust and light to keep them from fading. In order to inhibit deterioration and help preserve documents and photographs for generations to come, we archivists place all printed materials in acid-free folders and boxes and preserve photographs in polyester folders or in special paper enclosures.

Lee Marshall Smith Papers, NCSU Libraries

Lee Smith published her first novel, *The Day the Dogbushes Bloomed,* in 1968. Throughout her career she has won numerous awards for her fiction. In 1984 she was awarded the prestigious North Carolina Award for Fiction. Pictured (from l to r) are Larry Wheeler (former deputy secretary, North Carolina Department of Cultural Resources); Smith; former North Carolina governor Terry Sanford; and Sara W. Hodgkins (former secretary, Department of Cultural Resources).

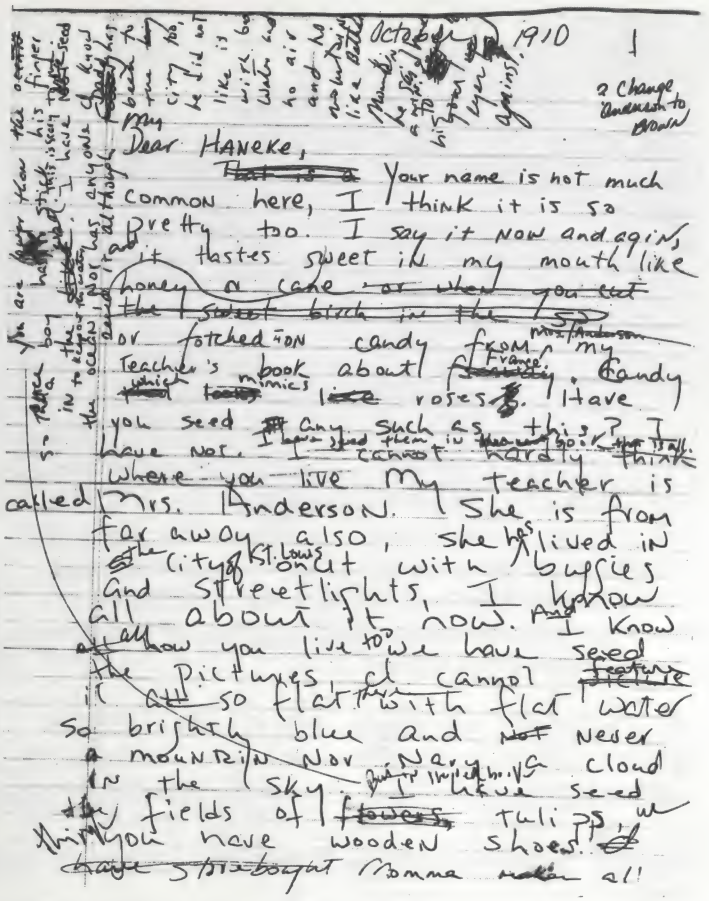
At this point, I stored these boxes and folders in a controlled environment, where the temperature does not exceed 70 F nor dip below 60 F, and the relative humidity stays around 45 to 55 percent — the ideal environment for the survival of records. It is especially crucial that the temperature and relative humidity not swing dramatically. In fact, fluctuations can cause more damage to materials than exposure to environmental conditions that are consistently less than optimal.

Along with relocating and rearranging the collection in some sort of logical order, I described the collection by giving its history and explaining its basic organization. Because this particular collection consisted of comparatively recent materials, there were few items in need of repair and conservation. Next, I created a catalog record, which I then added to the libraries' online catalog so that patrons throughout the world can discover and locate the collection. After I developed a finding aid, designed to help researchers locate the materials most likely to be useful to them, I sent a copy to Smith to verify the information's accuracy. What has resulted to date from all this sorting, culling, and organizing are 24 boxes full of Smith's papers. In addition, 20 of her published works have been added to the special collections department's holdings.

Sampling a Prolific Writer's Career

I am also the assistant curator for exhibits at the NCSU Libraries, and in this capacity, I was fortunate to organize the current exhibit featuring Smith's papers. I divided the collection into themes — The Star of Grundy: A Writer in the Making; Lee's Brilliant Career: Novels, Short Stories, and Publications; and the Awards of Lee Smith. The exhibit features items from Smith's papers, including a sampling of her typescripts, manuscripts, handwritten notes, and unpublished manuscripts. A highlight are the photos and articles about Smith's 1966 ride on a raft down the Mississippi River along with fellow Hollins students, an adventure inspired by Mark Twain.

The exhibit represents but a sampling of the career of Lee Marshall Smith. The handwritten notes and drafts provide visitors with proof of the hard work that Smith puts into producing the novels and short stories we enjoy so much. It conveys her zest for life, her keen sense of language, and her ability to find the extraordinary in the lives of everyday people. Most of all, "A Diamond From Coal Country" gives the viewer a sense of Smith's writing and her passion for literature. N&T

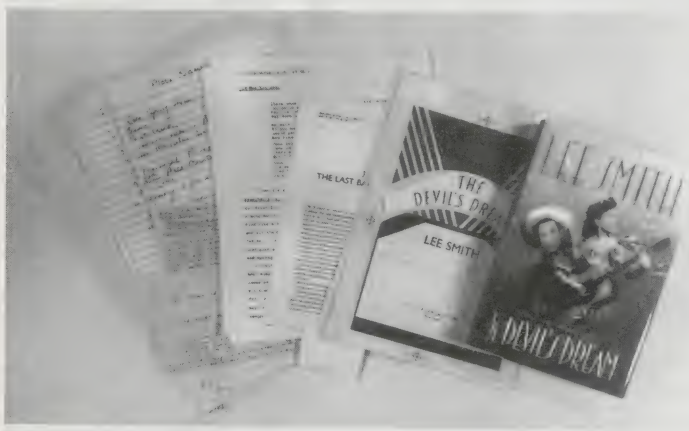

October 1910

Dear Haneke,

Your name is not much common here, I think it is so pretty too. I say it now and agin, it tastes sweet in my mouth like honey or cane or when you cut the sweet birch in the sp or fotched on candy from Mrs. Anderson my Teacher's book about France. Candy which mimics roses. Have you seed any such as this? I have not. I cannot hardly think where you live My teacher is called Mrs. Anderson. She is from far away also, she has lived in the city of St. Louis on cut with buggies and streetlights, I know all about it now. And I know all how you live too we have seed the pictures, I cannot feature it so flat with flat water so brighth blue and never a mountain nor nary a cloud in the sky. I have seed the fields of flowers, tulips, we think you have wooden shoes. Momma all

Lee Marshall Smith Papers, NCSU Libraries

Smith's acclaimed novel, *Fair and Tender Ladies,* started from handwritten notes on a yellow legal pad. After being organized and cataloged, all Smith's original materials have been placed in a controlled environment for preservation. Finding aids help researchers locate the materials they need.



Special Collections Department, NCSU Libraries

Donations from Smith illustrate the process involved in creating a published work. Materials pertaining to *The Devil's Dream,* published in 1992, include Smith's notes for the novel, handwritten text, a final draft, proofs, artwork, and the finished novel.

Caroline Weaver is the assistant curator for exhibitions and outreach in North Carolina State University Libraries' special collections department. She is an avid reader and enjoys processing literary collections.

Exhibit Information

A Diamond From Coal Country — The Exhibit of the Lee Marshall Smith Papers will be located in the reference corridor of the D.H. Hill Library through January 3, 2001.

A traveling exhibit is also available. The schedule for the traveling exhibit will be posted on the exhibit web site (see page 2) as it becomes available.

For more information, contact the Special Collections Department, NCSU Libraries, D.H. Hill Library, East Wing Ground Floor, Room G-111, North Carolina State University, Raleigh NC 27695, call (919) 515-2273, or e-mail Caroline_Weaver@ncsu.edu.

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BI 305 I00

A West Virginia mansion-turned-museum embodies Appalachia's complex history.

Years ago, I attended a meeting where the "fed" from Washington, D.C., kept using the term *admire* in a way that was new to me. Referring to the regulations he had in hand, he would say, "Now, let's admire this section," meaning apparently "Now let's look at this section carefully." I figured his usage reflected an older meaning—before *admire* meant chiefly "to like or respect."

When I go to a museum, I'm prepared to be beguiled by interesting or beautiful objects, but a recent visit to the Sunrise Museum in Charleston, W.Va., made me think of the fed's usage, for Sunrise Museum repays admiration. The objects Sunrise asks its visitors to admire reward thoughtful attention with a greater appreciation for some of the controversies about the Appalachian region itself. Is Appalachia isolated or a part of mainstream society? Is the region progressive or backward, lawful or lawless, egalitarian or elitist?

The more I learn about Sunrise and its first inhabitant, the more I come to see the museum as emblematic of Appalachia itself.

Following a steep, curvy drive in south Charleston, visitors to Sunrise Museum come to its two stone mansions high atop the hill, overlooking the confluence of the Kanawha and Elk rivers. Sunrise was originally the name of the older of the two residences housing the museum's exhibits. In this edifice, the staff has gathered together an intriguing collection of objects.

When you enter, the first thing you see is a typical museum gift shop with toys, T-shirts, and books. But out of your line of sight, behind the gift shop, a hologram of *Tyrannosaurus rex* shimmers in its dark cabinet. Down the hall, to your right, a giant black-and-white graphic of the Mona Lisa smiles benignly from the wall. Off to your left in a large oak-paneled room is a slight movement—a clear plasma globe flickers with the pink electrical currents inside it, and a big, brightly striped hot-air balloon bobs gently in the air.

Between these two symbols of modern science stands an old sepia-colored fireplace made of stones collected from all over the world: from the Great Wall of China, from Newgate Prison in London, from the castle in Normandy where William the Con-

R. Lewis Ferguson, Sunrise Museum

Sunrise, built by William Alexander MacCorkle and overlooking the confluence of the Kanawha and Elk rivers, houses the Science Hall at Charleston, W.Va.'s Sunrise Museum.

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"Now & Then captures the real spirit of Appalachia better than any other publication. I find news and features here that I never see anywhere else, plus wonderful fiction and poetry. I consider *Now & Then* indispensable reading for myself and for anybody else who truly cares about our region's rich heritage or about what's happening now."

Lee Smith

"When people ask me about Appalachian life and lore, *Now & Then* is the first periodical I direct them to. It brings a feeling of mountain life and people that is irreplaceable, matched in no other publication, Appalachian or otherwise. *Now & Then* is always a welcome presence in our house."

Fred Chappell

"Now & Then keeps me in touch and informed, and is a must for anyone interested in the past, present, and future of the region."

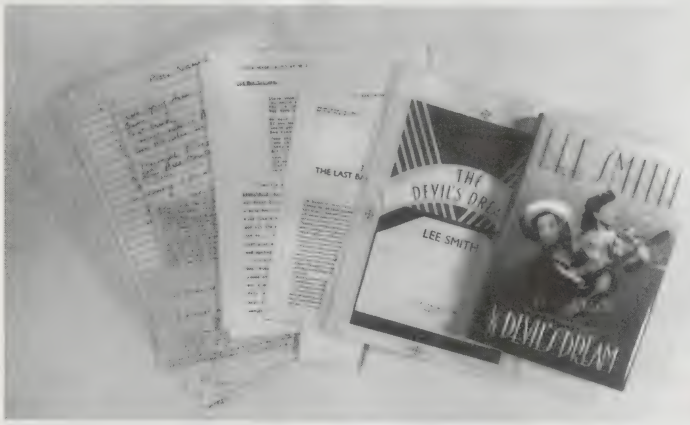
Robert Morgan

to them, I sent a copy to Smith to verify the information's accuracy. What has resulted to date from all this sorting, culling, and organizing are 24 boxes full of Smith's papers. In addition, 20 of her published works have been added to the special collections department's holdings.

Sampling a Prolific Writer's Career

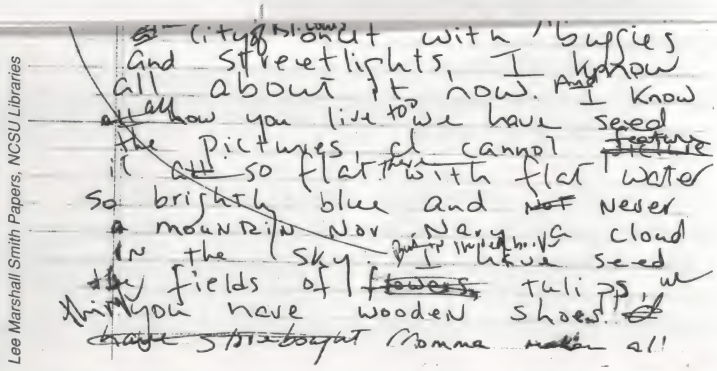
I am also the assistant curator for exhibits at the NCSU Libraries, and in this capacity, I was fortunate to organize the current exhibit featuring Smith's papers. I divided the collection into themes — The Star of Grundy: A Writer in the Making; Lee's Brilliant Career: Novels, Short Stories, and Publications; and the Awards of Lee Smith. The exhibit features items from Smith's papers, including a sampling of her typescripts, manuscripts, handwritten notes, and unpublished manuscripts. A highlight are the photos and articles about Smith's 1966 ride on a raft down the Mississippi River along with fellow Hollins students, an adventure inspired by Mark Twain.

The exhibit represents but a sampling of the career of Lee Marshall Smith. The handwritten notes and drafts provide visitors with proof of the hard work that Smith puts into producing



Special Collections Department, NCSU Libraries

Donations from Smith illustrate the process involved in creating a published work. Materials pertaining to *The Devil's Dream,* published in 1992, include Smith's notes for the novel, handwritten text, a final draft, proofs, artwork, and the finished novel.



Lee Marshall Smith Papers, NCSU Libraries

Smith's acclaimed novel, *Fair and Tender Ladies,* started from handwritten notes on a yellow legal pad. After being organized and cataloged, all Smith's original materials have been placed in a controlled environment for preservation. Finding aids help researchers locate the materials they need.

the novels and short stories we enjoy so much. It conveys her zest for life, her keen sense of language, and her ability to find the extraordinary in the lives of everyday people. Most of all, "A Diamond From Coal Country" gives the viewer a sense of Smith's writing and her passion for literature. N&T

Caroline Weaver is the assistant curator for exhibitions and outreach in North Carolina State University Libraries' special collections department. She is an avid reader and enjoys processing literary collections.

Exhibit Information

A Diamond From Coal Country — The Exhibit of the Lee Marshall Smith Papers will be located in the reference corridor of the D.H. Hill Library through January 3, 2001.

A traveling exhibit is also available. The schedule for the traveling exhibit will be posted on the exhibit web site (see page 2) as it becomes available.

For more information, contact the Special Collections Department, NCSU Libraries, D.H. Hill Library, East Wing Ground Floor, Room G-111, North Carolina State University, Raleigh NC 27695, call (919) 515-2273, or e-mail Caroline_Weaver@ncsu.edu.

Sunrise Museum

by Edwina Pendarvis

A West Virginia mansion-turned-museum embodies Appalachia's complex history.

Years ago, I attended a meeting where the "fed" from Washington, D.C., kept using the term *admire* in a way that was new to me. Referring to the regulations he had in hand, he would say, "Now, let's admire this section," meaning apparently "Now let's look at this section carefully." I figured his usage reflected an older meaning — before *admire* meant chiefly "to like or respect."

When I go to a museum, I'm prepared to be beguiled by interesting or beautiful objects, but a recent visit to the Sunrise Museum in Charleston, W.Va., made me think of the fed's usage, for Sunrise Museum repays admiration. The objects Sunrise asks its visitors to admire reward thoughtful attention with a greater appreciation for some of the controversies about the Appalachian region itself. Is Appalachia isolated or a part of mainstream society? Is the region progressive or backward, lawful or lawless, egalitarian or elitist?

> The more I learn about Sunrise and its first inhabitant, the more I come to see the museum as emblematic of Appalachia itself.

Following a steep, curvy drive in south Charleston, visitors to Sunrise Museum come to its two stone mansions high atop the hill, overlooking the confluence of the Kanawha and Elk rivers. Sunrise was originally the name of the older of the two residences housing the museum's exhibits. In this edifice, the staff has gathered together an intriguing collection of objects.

When you enter, the first thing you see is a typical museum gift shop with toys, T-shirts, and books. But out of your line of sight, behind the gift shop, a hologram of *Tyrannosaurus rex* shimmers in its dark cabinet. Down the hall, to your right, a giant black-and-white graphic of the Mona Lisa smiles benignly from the wall. Off to your left in a large oak-paneled room is a slight movement — a clear plasma globe flickers with the pink electrical currents inside it, and a big, brightly striped hot-air balloon bobs gently in the air.

Between these two symbols of modern science stands an old sepia-colored fireplace made of stones collected from all over the world: from the Great Wall of China, from Newgate Prison in London, from the castle in Normandy where William the Con-

R. Lewis Ferguson, Sunrise Museum

Sunrise, built by William Alexander MacCorkle and overlooking the confluence of the Kanawha and Elk rivers, houses the Science Hall at Charleston, W.Va.'s Sunrise Museum.

R. Lewis Ferguson, Sunrise Museum

The old stone fireplace at Sunrise is made up of stones from around the world, gathered during tourism's infancy and before antiquities laws were passed.

queror was born, from the Rheims Cathedral in France, and from the Appian Way in Italy. Among the oldest curiosities set into this odd mosaic are an antique Celtic carving and a decorative block from an ancient Egyptian temple. It's fitting that this assortment of old and new congregates at the older mansion because — though many museum visitors are probably unaware of it — Sunrise was built by William Alexander MacCorkle, one of West Virginia's most colorful governors and a man of diverse — and often contradictory — interests.

The more I learn about Sunrise and its first inhabitant, the more I come to see the museum as emblematic of Appalachia itself. Walking into the museum at the turn of a new century, I feel as if I am walking into a matrix of Appalachia's past, present, and future.

Built in 1905 and named after MacCorkle's plantation birthplace near Lexington, Va., Sunrise will soon be 100 years old. Although MacCorkle has been dead for about 70 years, Sunrise still bears the stamp of his personality. Energetic, impulsive, a man of action, the gregarious MacCorkle made friends readily, and he designed his house to be a delightful meeting place for the many people whose company he enjoyed. The spacious grounds and antebellum-style mansion reflect the genteel life to which MacCorkle aspired. Intent on making Sunrise inviting whether approached from the Charleston hills or from the river, MacCorkle built Sunrise with two front entrances, welcoming the visitor from either of these routes. The old carriage trail, now a nature walk shady with overhanging branches of oak and sycamore trees, once bore occupants and guests up the hill, then back down again daily from the ferry that brought them and their carriages across the river.

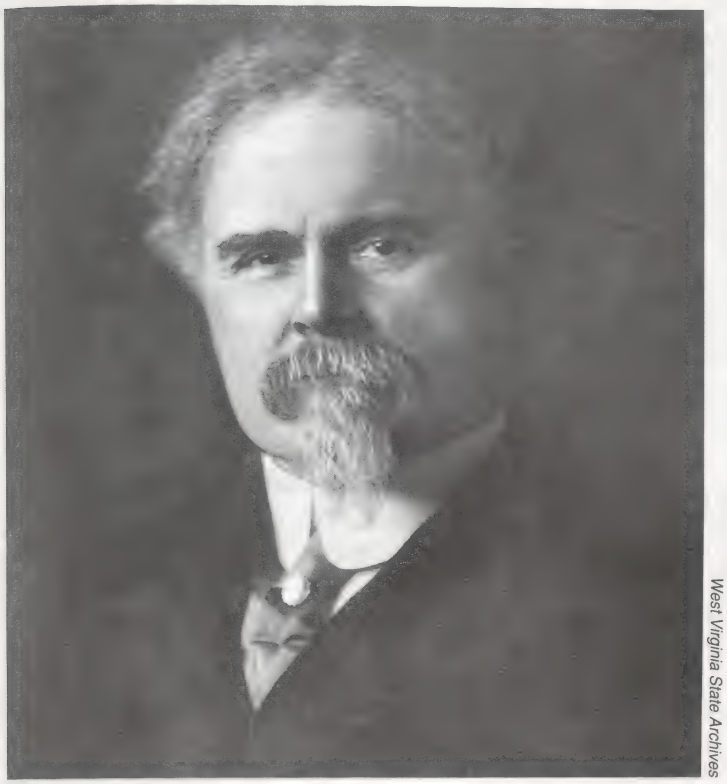
The house's demeanor is Southern, but the money that built it didn't come from the South. MacCorkle's father owned slaves. MacCorkle did not. Instead, he made his money in law and banking — and in business investments arising from those occupations. As West Virginia governor from 1893 to 1897, he considered the state's future to be linked to coal. He brought in out-of-state coal companies, encouraged the building of railroads, fought the unionization of miners, and, as one of the local elite, benefited financially from coal and coal-related enterprises. So Sunrise was linked to the industrial North economically, though it was tied sentimentally to the agrarian South.

To me, this suggests the state of affairs in Central Appalachia today. Though most of our livelihoods depend on industrial and service jobs and are tied to the larger economy, sentimentally we long for — and we often claim to live — a pastoral life. MacCorkle's mansion shows that this sentiment is at least a century old. When natives of Appalachia claim Appalachians live close to the land, they may be indulging in wishful thinking, just as MacCorkle was, rather than describing reality.

On the outside, Sunrise still looks like what it was — a pleasant retreat for celebrated figures and for MacCorkle's friends and relatives from near and far. The thousands of children and adults who come to Sunrise to see the science exhibits join a long, impressive roster of guests from the early 20th century. The guest register from MacCorkle's days includes familiar West Virginia names such as Caperton, as well as names that would be recognized almost anywhere in the world. The charismatic governor's varied interests show clearly in his choice of dinner partners. Among the many guests to visit Sunrise were Adlai Stevenson, Grover Cleveland's vice president and grandfather of the 1950s-era Democratic presidential candidate; statesman William Jennings Bryan; publisher George Putnam;

R. Lewis Ferguson, Sunrise Museum

A detail from the fireplace at Sunrise Museum shows stones carved with information about their origins.



West Virginia State Archives

William Alexander MacCorkle made a rags-to-riches transformation on his way to becoming governor of West Virginia at the age of 35. Sunrise still stands as a symbol of MacCorkle's success and also helps negate perceptions about Appalachia's alleged isolation.

evangelist Billy Sunday; minstrel impresario Al Fields; prizefighter James J. Corbett; and Evangeline Booth, commander of the Salvation Army.

Thomas Marshall, vice president under Woodrow Wilson, said that he would, if he could, trade the vice-presidency and all its honors for Sunrise. Another guest wrote, "At Sunrise, politicians have cursed, prize-fighters have recounted their battles, bishops have prayed, Al Fields has laughed, poets have raved, human mockingbirds have sung, and men and women with and without ornamentation have tangoed through its halls of mirth. Sunrise advertises the hospitality of West Virginia."

The history of Sunrise addresses current misperceptions about the degree of Appalachia's isolation. People of wealth and power have made alliances with one another across state and national boundaries for centuries — and Appalachia is no exception.

The inside of the house, too, is a monument to material success and attests to its association with the world outside Appalachia. The first-floor chamber, in which the old hearth stands, is embellished by a second-floor balcony. From that balcony, the governor sometimes addressed his guests, and musicians often sat there to play during dinner. The third-floor ballroom has a spring-loaded floor for the dancers' greater pleasure. This big ballroom has two orchestra stages, one on either end of the room.

Certainly many West Virginians were isolated, living in hollows with few amenities, but the question of whether Appalachia was isolated cannot be answered with a simple "yes" or "no." The boundaries were highly permeable for some Appalachians. Sunrise, the Greenbriar, and other luxurious private and public homes and lodges drew the outside world here.

These luxuries were not taken for granted by MacCorkle, who had known hard times as a youth. On his father's death at the end of the Civil War, MacCorkle, his younger brother and sister, and his mother were left to fend for themselves. From the time he was eight years old until he entered Washington and Lee University, he worked at exhausting manual labor to eke out a living for himself and the rest of his family. After graduation, he was so poor that for several months, while he was building a law practice, he slept each night on a bare table in a cold, rented room.

But success wasn't long in coming. He was still a young man when he was elected governor at the age of 35. In addition to being white and male at a time when those traits were almost essential for success in this country, MacCorkle was intelligent and hard-working. It couldn't have hurt either that he was strikingly handsome, a tall man with wavy, red hair and a rakish beard.

Sunrise isn't just a monument to MacCorkle and others' accomplishments, however. It has enough of an element of lawlessness to relieve its seriousness. When I stand in front of the antique fireplace with its stones from exotic places, into my mind's eye comes an incongruous picture, an image of well-dressed tourists — dignified men and women in the top hats and whimsical bonnets, the stiff suits and long dresses of the late 19th and early 20th centuries — bending over to pick up and carry away stones from all over Europe, Asia, and Africa.

Of course, this is a naïve picture: They probably had servants do the bending and carrying. Still, the plundering image seems comic, given the dignity of the positions held by MacCorkle and many of his fellow tourists. Tourism was relatively new at that time, and no one had enacted laws to bar tourists from defacing historic and artistic shrines. The origins of the "ugly American" dwell in this curious hearth in Appalachia as they do in many museums and mansions in other parts of the country.

The mansion recalls a time closer to frontier days when respectability rubbed shoulders with lawlessness more openly than

R. Lewis Ferguson, Sunrise Museum

MacCorkle built Torquilstone for his son. This building now houses the Sunrise art collection.

R. Lewis Ferguson, Sunrise Museum

When a new facility is completed in downtown Charleston, the science museum staff will pack up the exhibits and move them out of Sunrise. People are concerned about what will happen to the mansion once it no longer houses the Sunrise Science Hall.

today. Reading *The Recollections of Fifty Years,* MacCorkle's memoirs, you learn that in one election, he had the help of one of the most infamous figures in Appalachian history: "Devil" Anse Hatfield, the patriarch of the Hatfield clan during the 19th century Hatfield-McCoy feud. According to MacCorkle's memoirs, Hatfield lent MacCorkle much-needed political support by appealing to Democrats in a Logan County convention in a manner that would not today be deemed politically correct. Hatfield had tried to place MacCorkle's name in nomination (called "proposing instructions"), but to no avail. MacCorkle recalls that "Anse made ... a little speech, short and to the point. 'My fellow citizens, I have proposed instructions for MacCorkle, and you have not passed them ... and I will say that if you don't pass them next time, Brother Toler and I will go over to my house and get our Winchesters and we will see justice is done.' Immediately," observed MacCorkle dryly, "a very fine lot of instructions was passed for me."

The governor's memoirs also reveal that he himself sometimes resorted to unorthodox methods. In one instance, he engaged in a shooting match with a property owner who was holding out for a lot of money for a piece of land needed for a

The boundaries were highly permeable for some Appalachians. Sunrise, the Greenbriar, and other luxurious private and public homes and lodges drew the outside world here.

railroad right-of-way on the Elk River. If MacCorkle's recollection is accurate, he not only won the land for a reasonable price, he also won the man's best rifle as well.

Probably the most unorthodox of MacCorkle's official actions was his precipitous pardon of a man who had shot one of the governor's political enemies (whose name was discreetly left out of the memoir). On hearing of the incident, Governor MacCorkle immediately sent a telegram to the perpetrator. The message read: "Understand you have shot _____. Wish to officially inform you it is not an infraction of the law of West Virginia to shoot this man and I hereby wire you an absolute, free acquittance and pardon for said shooting."

MacCorkle acknowledged that pardoning this particular offender was "not exactly as dignified as it should be." Sunrise's history, then, is a combination of lawfulness and lawlessness that you could argue is characteristically Appalachian in detail but is equally characteristically American — if not even more universal — in form.

Composed as it is of elements of lawlessness and elitist attitudes, Sunrise recalls, too, a real devotion to egalitarianism that is associated with an Appalachian cultural heritage. His success allowed MacCorkle to purchase memorabilia of two of his heroes: the Revolutionary War military leader Lafayette and the great abolitionist John Brown. That MacCorkle — a powerful member of the wealthy elite and son of a slaveholder — was fascinated by two men who are so strongly identified with popular struggles for freedom indicates the complexity of individual loyalties. Whatever his economic interests, in sentiment he was egalitarian enough to be inspired by these two men.

With its assortment of exhibits inside, the museum reflects the original owner's combined interests in art, history, and science perhaps even better today than the house did when he lived there.

His egalitarianism did not stop short of action. It carried him ahead of his time on an important issue related to ex-slaves and their descendants. In the years following his governorship, he championed the 15th Amendment, designed to protect black voting rights, and fought hard to oppose political efforts to repeal it. This was a difficult fight and put him in conflict with many of his friends. At the time, the Ku Klux Klan was an active institution in West Virginia as well as in many other states, and powerful politicians were less than sympathetic to MacCorkle's efforts. Although he was not exempt from the racist attitudes prevalent in his day, MacCorkle wrote and spoke earnestly for African Americans' right of franchise. On this issue, MacCorkle transformed the egalitarian spirit of Appalachia into action.

Even though the Lafayette and John Brown memorabilia at Sunrise were sold at auction along with MacCorkle's art collection after his death in 1930, a new art collection has taken its place at Torquilstone, the other mansion that is part of the Sunrise Museum.

Built by the governor for his son, Torquilstone is named after a Scottish warrior from whom MacCorkle descended. This mansion sits only a few hundred yards away from Sunrise and

houses an even finer collection than the original. A drawing by Pablo Picasso, an etching by Edward Hopper, and a lithograph by Ben Shawn, all purchased along with many others by Sunrise Museum's collectors' club, make up this new collection. With its assortment of exhibits inside, the museum reflects the original owner's combined interests in art, history, and science per-

The mansion recalls a time closer to frontier days when respectability rubbed shoulders with lawlessness more openly than today.

haps even better today than the house did when he lived there. But Torquilstone also tells us about Appalachia and its ties to the world outside this region.

Not that the science displays are essential to Sunrise. In fact, they strike me as akin to the flashy, sequined cowboy costumes that country music stars of the 1950s wore on stage. Like those costumes, the glittering dinosaur hologram and the plasma globe are dress-up things, mostly for show, to be seen with amusement, knowing that no one can be sure what new marvels, good and bad, the future will bring.

I like to think MacCorkle took his own good fortune as a marvel, and so took himself less seriously than people of similar stature who took their privilege for granted. His memoirs are modest, focused more on others than on himself, but he must have needed help in keeping this perspective.

His great-granddaughter Margaret Lyle Woolums, who lives in Lexington, Ky., told me an old family story. Once, MacCorkle was railing at a servant over some minor problem. His wife, Belle, who came from an old Charleston family, spoke quietly to her husband, asking him, "Don't you think you're being a mite picky for someone who used to bathe in the creek?"

MacCorkle and his aggressive pursuit of coal resulted in a coal industry that generally tended to benefit people from outside the state who profited handsomely from their holdings in the coal

Composed as it is of elements of lawlessness and elitist attitudes, Sunrise recalls, too, a real devotion to egalitarianism that is associated with an Appalachian cultural heritage.

fields even more than it did people from within West Virginia. Still, the coal industry turned out to be highly lucrative for a sizeable number of West Virginians as well. Sunrise is probably one of many Appalachian mansions built by someone who used to bathe in a creek. No doubt each of those mansions has things to admire — in my fed's sense of the word — but I don't know of any others open to the public.

In two or three more years, the museum staff will assist with the disassembly of the science exhibits and oversee their move to a new location in downtown Charleston. Some people are worried about what the 21st century will hold for Sunrise mansion and for Governor MacCorkle's legacy. Isaac Noyes Smith, great-grandson of MacCorkle, is helping to initiate the restoration of a portion of the original art and historical collections the Governor gathered, and another member of the Charleston community has offered a large donation to help restore the mansion. So, though its exact future may be in question, the prospect for this century-old witness to the complexity of Appalachian culture is as promising as its name. N&T

Edwina (Eddy) Pendarvis lives in Huntington, W.Va., where she teaches at Marshall University. Her poems and prose have been published in Antietam Review, Appalachian Journal, Journal of Kentucky Studies, Louisville Review, Wind Magazine, *and other journals. A regular contributor to* Now & Then, *her review of Mark DeFoe's* Air *appeared in the spring 1999 Appalachian architecture issue.*

Eastern Woodlands: 1749

Winter camp at Lower Shawneetown. Snowflakes
thick as blanched corn seeds cover the earth
and the frozen Scioto, and cold indigo wind sweeps
bare the ridges, colors ravines.

On the banks of the river, wegiwas huddle like
ice-coated haybales. Bare white birch limbs shake
in the starkness of late afternoon as redbirds alight
to wait for the millet that spills down from baskets
to snowcrust.

In the focus of moonlight timber wolves wait for
the death-dance of deer through cornfield stubble.
Warriors wait for a break in the weather. To cross
the Ohio and enter the canelands.

Trap for beaver.
Work the salt licks.
Trade furs as far as
Eskippakithiki.
Raid for horses.

Softened and toughened as buckskin leather,
the women will wait in sharp vigil while the hunters
are gone. Soon they will pray with their hearts and
wait for a sign: comet crossing the sky, tail bright as
headdress feathers.

Flaming Tecumseh.

Rising waters will blanket the floodplain,
drive this town to higher ground before he appears.
And a broad white surge will sweep them beyond
the red evening sun before he returns.

—Stephen M. Holt

During the past two summers, Stephen Holt has studied under Kathryn Stripling Byer and Michael McFee at the Appalachian Writers Workshop at Hindman Settlement School in Hindman, Ky. His work has appeared in various journals. The Jesse Stuart Foundation is publishing a book of his poems and informal essays titled Late Mowing.

Atomic City Chronicles

by Bill Dockery

An Oak Ridge, Tenn., museum documents Appalachia's role in the birth of the Nuclear Age.

In the early 1960s, summers in Sevierville, Tenn., always meant biking around "the Block," going on expeditions to "the Hill," doing whatever chores in the garden we couldn't beg out of, and making occasional visits to the town's one-room public library in the Masonic Temple.

All that changed for one cosmopolitan week every summer when my brother Mike and I went for our annual visit to our cousin Mark in Oak Ridge, Tenn.

Mark's dad worked in one of the mysterious, fenced plants scattered around the Atomic City, and his family lived in a sparkling three-bedroom brick rancher on curvy, trendy West Outer Drive. Uncle Benson wouldn't tell us what he did, but with the space program in full swing, Mike and I always imagined that he had a personal hand in building rockets.

The contrast between small-town Appalachia and Oak Ridge might be hard to imagine in today's highly mobile, media-rich society. There'd be a week of swimming lessons in Oak Ridge's spring-fed, ice-cold municipal pool, our only exposure to water activities all year. No other rural town we frequented had a municipal pool — or even wanted one. We'd always see at least one movie, usually something Disneyesque. Oak Ridge, a city without a downtown, boasted three indoor theaters in its various shopping centers at a time when the movie houses in other towns had fallen dark.

And there was our annual visit to the Museum of Atomic Energy, the only public manifestation of the top secret, top-drawer work being done in the science labs and weapons plants of the Atomic Energy Commission. There we were subjected to an ever-changing display of exhibits that explained the esoterica of nuclear fission and fusion — the physical processes that drove the atomic and hydrogen bombs, chain reactions, and nuclear reactors. Those exhibits weren't the memorable parts, however.

For kids, the museum's signature exhibit was a tall, mushroom-shaped apparatus with a shiny metal dome that hummed loudly when turned on. The contraption was a van de Graf generator, and it had the property of generating thousands of volts of harmless static electricity. The exhibitor running the display would wave a wand

Lynn Freeny, DOE Photography

No longer a secret, the role of Oak Ridge in the development of the atomic bomb is explained in interactive exhibits at the American Museum of Science and Energy.

with a metal ball at the end around the shiny dome, and miniature lightning would jump between the two surfaces. Then he would invite a child volunteer from the audience to stand on a rubber step beside the generator and put a hand on the dome. Soon the kid's hair would be standing straight out from his or her head — eliciting merriment from the rest of us.

The signature souvenir was an irradiated dime. At the end of the tour, you could take a silver dime from your pocket and plunk it into another mysterious machine, which would turn it into a radioactive isotope of silver.

The signature souvenir was an irradiated dime. At the end of the tour, you could take a silver dime from your pocket and plunk it into another mysterious machine, which would bombard it with neutrons and turn it into a radioactive isotope of silver. The coin would roll out under a Geiger counter, which would cackle loudly to announce the newly minted radioactivity. Then it would be put into a quarter-sized case with a clear cover and the Museum of Atomic Energy logo. Appropriately awed, we would then put the hot dime in our jeans as a memento.

Science in an Appalachian Setting

If you consider both the original purposes and the types of exhibits it displayed, the Museum of Atomic Energy was probably the most curious and atypical museum in Appalachia. In the middle of the ridge-and-valley province in the Great Valley of the Tennessee, 30 miles from the nearest city of any size, was a museum devoted entirely to nuclear physics.

In 1942, the federal government had selected the Oak Ridge area for high-security bomb work, a part of the Manhattan Project, because of its remoteness, the availability of plentiful Tennessee Valley Authority electric power, and the site's proximity to water and rail transportation. The area was quintessentially Appalachian, home to three small communities and a population of some 1,000 farm homes and 3,000 residents. Creation of the Oak Ridge Reservation splashed those people into the surrounding countryside, creating a bitterness that still exists. In the span of about 18 months, the U.S. Army's Clinton Engineer Works (Oak Ridge's original name) replaced the bucolic landscape with a national laboratory, a weapons plant, and a plant to separate fissionable uranium from the nonradioactive isotope. A population of 75,000, many of whom were highly educated in scientific disciplines, served those plants.

It may be difficult to realize after half a century that not only the Bomb itself was new and different, but the very science that produced it was also fresh on the scene. German, British, American, and Russian physicists had been pondering the structure and workings of the atom in the early decades of the century, but it took a world war to crystalize theory into the creation of a weapon and of the new discipline of nuclear physics.

After the war, the newly created Atomic Energy Commission (AEC) took on the oversight of U.S. nuclear activities. The AEC recognized quickly that the public would need to be made scientifically literate if the United States were to stay ahead in the nuclear arms race. Also implicit in the AEC's education programs was the notion that, with World War II won, the public would have to be sold on the massive expenditures necessary for nuclear research and development. A third unarticulated motive was a need to justify in some utilitarian manner the creation and continued refinement of such a doomsday weapon as the Bomb.

The Museum of Atomic Energy was the AEC's response to those needs. On the day in 1949 that Oak Ridge was opened to the public for the first time, the museum also opened to begin its work of building a constituency for the AEC's nuclear agenda. Making use of the most up-to-date educational technology, it attempted to explain the details of the sciences involved in bomb-making without revealing too much about what was still a closely guarded national secret. Salted among the scientific exhibits were optimistic plans like Atoms for Peace and the Plowshare Project, which proposed to explode nuclear bombs underground to create canals and harbors.

The Memory of Mud

By 1975, the museum had outgrown its quarters in World War II-era buildings and had moved to a specially designed museum building nearer the center of the city. The energy crisis only three years later triggered a major adjustment in the

Ed Westcott, DOE Photography

Security inspections were commonplace for those entering the newly developed "mystery city" and federal reservation through the Elza Gate. Exhibits at the museum chronicle the growth of Oak Ridge's uranium enrichment plants and the lifestyle of the residents of the military pioneer town of the 1940s.

facility's mission as well as a name change. In 1978, the Museum of Atomic Energy was rechristened the American Museum of Science and Energy (AMSE), reflecting the changing mission of the new federal Department of Energy (DOE). Exhibits on fossil and alternative fuels and conservation were added, and for the first time, there was a room devoted to "The Race for the Bomb." That room inevitably included a rudimentary history of Oak Ridge. The Atomic City was becoming self-conscious about its past.

"That exhibit was eventually renamed 'The Oak Ridge Story,'" says Lissa Clarke, public relations officer for the museum. "The perspective of the display has changed a lot to include more about the lifestyle of the people, and we've personalized the room more."

The pervasive secrecy attendant on living and working in Oak Ridge was one dominant characteristic veterans of the early days carried with them. The other was the memory of mud.

Many of the reminiscences recorded at the museum focus on the difficulties of maintaining a normal family and social life in a new city that had no paved streets and no sidewalks. Mud was everywhere. In one audio exhibit, a woman remembers carrying a change of clothing with her when she went to shop in nearby Knoxville so that the ever-present mud on her outfit would not give her away as an Oak Ridger. That reticence at being identified had its roots in something other than national security. Most Oak Ridgers were generally from elsewhere, and many in surrounding communities did not welcome the outsiders. The sense of exuberance and special purpose displayed by the newcomers did not go down well in a region with an existing 150-year-old culture and social structure.

Out of the Cold War, Out in the Cold

In the 1990s, with the Cold War over and the nuclear arms race effectively at an end, the DOE began to look at downsizing its weapons program. At the same time, a growing sensitivity to the environmental insults that had resulted from weapons production put cleanup and restoration higher on the national agenda. Both those trends were soon reflected in the museum displays.

But this time, the museum faced more than a change in content. DOE first transferred responsibility to Lockheed Martin, then the federal contractor for Oak Ridge National Laboratory (ORNL), a multiprogram science and technology research facility. Then DOE, which had previously funded several different contractors to run AMSE, required that the museum's $1.5 million budget come from ORNL's overhead expenses. Within the next few years, the federal government is expected to have no oversight of the museum at all,

A woman remembers carrying a change of clothing with her when she went to shop in nearby Knoxville so that the ever-present mud on her outfit would not give her away as an Oak Ridger.

says Tom Row, a Lockheed Martin retiree who is the current president of the AMSE Foundation.

The decrease in federal energy programs, coupled with the aging of the Oak Ridge population, has area officials casting about for new ways to generate economic and social vitality. The museum serves as an anchor for those ongoing efforts, Row says. Promotional materials for the community now tout it as "America's Secret City," and the museum's Oak Ridge room is the main exhibit that embodies that identity.

As the museum casts about for a self-sustaining mission, many supporters are looking to the city's own past to supply it. Three studies have linked a revitalized AMSE with the potential for future conference and tourism initiatives for the city. "The community is quite energized about the value of the museum as a draw for creating a tourist industry," says Row. "Oak Ridge has a wonderful story to tell. We have to figure out how to tell it better."

Despite uncertainties about its future, the museum remains popular. In 1999, some 140,000 people visited from 54 U.S. states and foreign countries, including numerous tours and school science classes. Today, the museum showcases traditional information about nuclear energy and gee-whiz science exhibits as well as displays about biomass, DOE's management of the environment, health concerns, and the age of the automobile. Models of Little Boy and Fat Man, the nuclear bombs dropped on Hiroshima and Nagasaki in August 1945, are on view, as

Lynn Freeny, DOE Photography

Visitors to the museum can inspect this greatly enlarged uranium atom. "The World of The Atom" hall includes information on atomic pioneers; radioisotopes in agriculture, industry, and medicine; and interactive exhibits on the transportation of hazardous materials.

Lynn Freeny, DOE Photography

Exhibits showing replicas of nuclear bombs used in World War II and more modern weapons have become a starting point for tours to other parts of the Oak Ridge complex, including the Graphite Reactor, the world's oldest nuclear reactor.

are missiles and more modern weapons-related paraphernalia.

As the DOE has become more open to interaction with the public, the museum has become the jumping-off point for seasonal tours of parts of the formerly closed Oak Ridge federal reservation. Though both national defense facilities and contaminated sites remain off-limits, it is possible to tour the Graphite Reactor at ORNL; one of the heavily fortified gate houses that provided wartime security; the display rooms at Y-12, a uranium-enrichment plant and weapons facility; and other selected sites. Uranium enrichment is the process that produced a gas rich in the lighter fissionable isotopes of uranium required to trigger the nuclear chain reaction that releases vast amounts of heat energy. Visits to the K-25 site were once included but have been curtailed since cleanup began to transform it into the East Tennessee Technology Park for use by private-sector industry. Built in 18 months, K-25 was also used as a uranium-enrichment plant during the war and was the largest building in the world at the time.

The museum has also become more of a community resource. On a recent fall Saturday, the great hall was home to an exhibit presented by the Knoxville chapter of the Embroiderers' Guild of America.

Turning on a Dime

The irradiated dimes are gone, a victim not of radiation fears (the half-life of radioactive silver is measured in mere seconds) but of the U.S. Mint's change from silver dimes to the copper sandwich coins common today. They've been replaced by one of those crank machines that — at the cost of two quarters — flattens a penny into an oval and stamps it with an image. The machine at the museum offers four images: the face of Einstein, the iconic atom with electrons circling a nucleus, and two different dinosaurs, an apparent gesture to the marketability of the prehistoric reptiles. The van de Graf generator survives and remains one of the museum's most popular draws for kids. A blond child with a halo of energized hair (see back cover) features prominently on AMSE rack cards at regional tourist kiosks.

The world has changed, the Atomic City has changed, and each time, the museum has changed accordingly. Only history will tell whether this unique resource will adapt again and survive to educate more generations about the Atomic Age and Appalachia's introduction to it. N&T

Bill Dockery, a science writer at the University of Tennessee, Knoxville, has worked as a technical editor and journalist in Oak Ridge, Tenn.

The Boy Who Fell Through Howell's Mill

left behind the hostile spikes and edges
of broken mill pipes we stamped among
waiting our turns at holding his hand trapped
and freezing beneath the mill floor in Mud River.

He is survived by our memory of the taste
of rusting iron when we wiped
our snotty faces on frozen sleeves.
He left us the smell of cold stone.

Bequeathed to us was the time still ticking
in our flesh as we held onto his
under ice water, the strangling gargle of falls
falling and holding under all that plunged there.

He left us that running skin of water and
gray skull of stone beneath for lifetimes.
He gave us our grief turning into holes
in the cement floor where huge mill wheels

were removed like vital parts pulled
from a giant heart. Our dancing cries had him
in them. But the last thing he left us
was the cold sting of understanding that this

is the way the world is sometimes —
that rank tree root we hung down into dark water
trying to pull up had never been the hard arm of
the drowning boy caught in the undertow.

— Ron Houchin

Ron Houchin is teaching his 30th and final year of public school in southern Ohio. His second book of poetry, Moveable Darkness, *is scheduled to be published in 2002 by Salmon Publishing of Ireland. He is on the program for the Dublin Writers' Festival 2001.*

Wonderful Things

by Isabel Zuber

Howard Carter had just peered in. Wonderful things.

"Jan, where are you?"

Hot musty air sealed for millennia rushed out of the opening. He shone the torch…

"Come on, Jan. Flora's lunch is ready. The soup will be cold before you get there." Her mother's voice lacked consideration for the long past and its reach into the present.

The still eye of a black statue… She closed the book, stuffed it under the ragbag in the closet where she had hidden with her flashlight to read. Flora did not like to be kept waiting.

"She gets bored, Jan, alone in the house, lying there in the bed all day."

"Why can't Barb go sometimes? Why me, every single day?" Why didn't her mother ever go herself?

"Obviously, she's too little. Besides, Flora tells me on the phone she looks forward to your visits, that you're becoming quite the conversationalist."

"I can't think why she'd say that. She does all the talking."

"That's not the way I hear it, Miss Chatterbox. Now, have you got everything? Off you go."

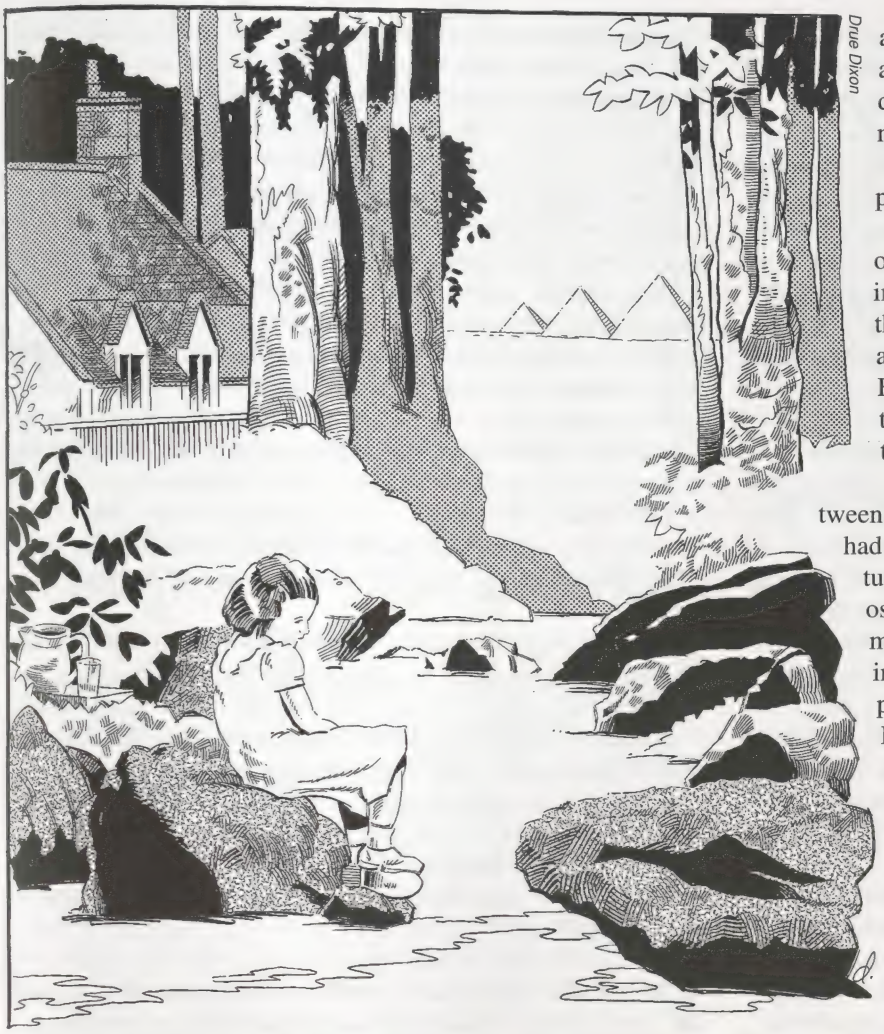
Her mother had set the soup bowl with little butter jewels floating in it, the peach salad, and a roll on the tray and covered them with a fringed napkin. She held the tray from underneath so that Jan could put her fingers through the handles.

"Remember now, you're not to say anything about why she's in bed after all this time. It's hard enough on her, and you're a — well, a reminder." From the first, Jan had been cautioned not to ask what was wrong. Her mother pulled out two hairpins, put them in again. She claimed as always that her daily tasks prevented her from taking lunch to Flora. "I'd go myself except for the laundry." Or it was the canning, cleaning, mending, ironing — whatever the day's chores were. Her mother was not with Flora often, though they were nice as could be to each other when the families got together for Sunday night suppers. "Evenings of brotherly love," they called them, with her father and her Uncle Spencer telling stories about their hard times growing up on a stony mountain farm and then singing together at the piano while Flora played.

Jan wondered if it had something to do with her mother's sleeping in tailored broadcloth pajamas she sewed herself while Flora had department store gowns of silk and lace from her trousseau. Or perhaps it was those wineglasses in Flora's china cabinet that she had seen when she was helping to clean up and put away. Her parents signed the pledge to abstain every time they were asked to at the Baptist church.

She didn't quite know what was wrong with her aunt. Her parents said, "Poor Flora," and her mother sent her over every day with a lunch tray but wouldn't tell her what the matter was.

The tray had to be carried carefully so the soup wouldn't slosh — tomato today with a sprinkle of freshly grated nutmeg Jan smelled though the napkin. It was not far, but she had to go slow, and she could see everything. She passed under the



Drue Dixon

apple trees. "Fit for the Hesperides," her father would soon be saying of the small fruit — dark, sweet, and ripening early. "Virginia Beauty, our mountain pride. At least *they're* not rationed." When the apples were ready, he would make a great show of pulling one down for her as if she couldn't scramble up the tree herself. Then he would polish it with his clean handkerchief till it shone a deep blood red in his palm.

"An apple for your thoughts, daughter of mine."

She would take a large bite through the shining skin. *Food for thought.* "I wasn't thinking anything," she would say. *Bananas.* They could not have bananas on account of the war. Whenever she looked at the apple tree, she tried to remember what bananas tasted like.

It was not that she had no thoughts, but she knew that others said more if she said little, and she learned that way. Sometimes it didn't work. For instance, she didn't quite know what was wrong with her aunt. Her parents said, "Poor Flora," and her mother sent her over every day with a lunch tray but wouldn't tell her what the matter was. Flora had been plump and happy, and now she was in bed all the time, had been there for some weeks, wearing her bed jackets, propped on pillows embroidered with her married initials.

Janet had her suspicions. Sometimes she tried out Flora's reactions by telling her certain things, for instance about the crayfish that had been run over. "It was dusty and flat as a pancake, not even brown anymore, but still had all of its claws, just flat ones."

"Janet, we don't discuss such things. It's inappropriate, you know, not polite."

Then she had tested her theory with an account of the oriole's nest in the apple tree last year, hanging right over the lane. She had climbed up to see the nestlings in their little swinging basket of twigs and watched the mother bird bringing them food. Flora listened but really didn't want to hear about the baby birds. Were there orioles in Egypt where the wonders of gold lit up the dark?

The back road, two tracks with thick grass in between, went by the bank where she and the other kids had dug a cave. The excavations started as roads and tunnels for toy cars, but then their ideas got grandiose. The cave that seemed so sound fell in and almost buried her friend Bucky. Jan got a long talking-to about safety in coal mines, the need for supports, then an order never to try such a thing again. Flora might not want to hear about that either, but Jan would try.

If she had run, it would have taken no time at all to get to her aunt's house. But she had the soup and the tea. Flora would have preferred coffee but could not have it yet because of needing to get her strength back. Growing children and sick ladies in bed had no business at all drinking coffee. Weren't there alabaster goblets in Howard Carter's tomb for the dead to drink from? When Jan grew up, she would have coffee every morning — thick, black with lots and lots of sugar. She suspected Flora might be having coffee too, in spite of needing her strength, since one day there had been a cup with stains and sugar in the bottom to carry back down to the kitchen.

If she hurried, Flora might say, "Bless your heart, Janet, you're so prompt. This is good and hot. Thank your mother for me, and what did you see today?" Sometimes it was "What took you? I've not seen a living soul since Spencer went off to the campus. Would you plump up the pillows and get me that magazine off the bureau, that's a good girl?" One never quite knew how it would be when one got there. On some days, Jan walked more carefully than usual to see what would happen. But it couldn't be predicted, for Flora might say then, "You're a

It was not that she had no thoughts, but she knew that others said more if she said little, and she learned that way.

bright child and such a comfort to me," and she'd have Jan get out new ribbons for her long thick curls of dark hair and a fresh bed jacket from the drawer with the little sachets, maybe the silk one with lace down the front and around the sleeves.

Sometimes Flora smiled and talked while she ate and finished up everything on the tray. Other times, she hardly touched a thing and cried, pulling a little handkerchief from under the pillow to blow her nose. One day, she had talked about her family.

Sometimes Flora smiled and talked while she ate and finished up everything on the tray. Other times, she hardly touched a thing and cried, pulling a little handkerchief from under the pillow to blow her nose.

"My grandmother," Flora stirred her tea glass, making the ice jiggle, "died of cancer." She took a small sip, stirred again. "They told me that right after she died, her face changed. All of the pain and suffering went out of it. For a short time, she looked like a young girl again." She set down the glass on the bedside table. "I find that remarkable, don't you?"

"I don't know much about it." *The face of the young king in the tomb.*

"No, I suppose not."

Flora was a wonder to look at. Her mother said that her Uncle Spencer was lucky. Not many men had the good fortune of being wedded to a woman who was truly beautiful, so accomplished in music and other skills, and who had been Queen of the May her senior year. It was such an advantage. It seemed her mother could admire Flora but not manage to see her every single day for lunch.

Janet had been disappointed when her aunt did not wear the May Day dress for her wedding but had instead chosen wine velvet with a gathered skirt and self-covered buttons all down the front. Jan and her friend Frances were flower girls, the only attendants.

She crossed the culvert where the back road joined another and became Flora's street. She stood looking upstream, trying to see the sandbar where her sister Barb had found possum bones back during the winter. She thought of the flow beneath her feet and of Howard Carter opening a tomb people had walked over for centuries without knowing it was there. It was strange to think that under an ordinary street, under desert sand, under mounds like Hissarlik, there were things that no one knew about unless they went down to them—art, gold, nine Troys at least, dead bodies and bones.

In the innermost treasury, Carter found two complete miniature burials and the mummies of two stillborn babes.

Bucky, daredevil that he had become, had been through the culvert any number of times. "It's not scary," he had told her. "It takes a bend in the middle, but when you get halfway, you can see light again." He dared her, and she did it—once—but she hoped archaeology wouldn't be like the culvert, exploring for some famous museum being her latest career choice.

Yesterday, her aunt had looked her most beautiful. She had been wearing the blue bed jacket and filing her nails. She had put the file down on the tray and forgot it there. Jan had to carry it back upstairs when she noticed.

"You're really growing up, getting to be so responsible." Flora looked at her carefully. "You used to be such a silly little thing. No one knew what you'd do next. Remember at my wedding? What on earth made you do something like that?

"Frances said to."

At the top of the aisle, the other flower girl had whispered not to drop a single petal, that if they carried them down to the front in their baskets, they would have something to play with during the ceremony. The petals had been soft and delicately fragrant.

"Do you always do what someone tells you? What if it's wrong?"

They had poured out the baskets and gathered up the fluttering pinks and reds several times over while Flora had stood there by her uncle and made promises. That had been something wrong?

"I was just too little, I guess." The pink organdy flower girl's dress with the ruffles and faggoting lay in the bureau drawer, too small to ever be worn again. "People ask kids to be in their weddings when they're too young to appreciate it, when it would mean more later on."

"Out of the mouths of babes," Flora had said. "Truer words were never."

Flora's downstairs didn't look as if anyone really lived there. Uncle Spencer washed up and put away the dishes before he left each morning, and Mrs. Grant came in two afternoons to do up everything. Except for a faint scent of coffee, it didn't even smell like cooking since people were bringing food in the evening too.

It was strange to think that under an ordinary street, under desert sand, under mounds like Hissarlik, there were things that no one knew about unless they went down to them—art, gold, nine Troys at least, dead bodies and bones.

From the breakfast room, she could see past the study door to the shining black grand piano in the living room corner. She wanted to go and touch it, prop up the lid, and watch the little woolly hammers strike the strings. But Flora was particular about her piano. Jan would also have liked to have sneaked into the study to touch the abalone shell that sat in pearly splendor on the shelf of the bookcase. Would there be time? She set the

tray on the breakfast table and opened the drawer to get out the good silverware. Eating with the best made Flora feel better. The drawer rattled when she closed it. Now she would have been heard, and there'd not be time to stroke the shell's iridescent surface.

"It's me," she called up the stairway, even though her uncle, who taught English, said she should say, "It is I." Then she listened and realized that she had been hearing a sound from upstairs ever since she came in.

Right in front of the bureau, her aunt sat flat on the floor, her pale feet sticking straight out from under the tail of her white gown. All around her on the floor in small, neat stacks were all sorts of things for babies. She was crying and blowing

Jan got Flora to bed, sobbing and thrashing about, not looking beautiful at all. Then she sat and waited, the untouched tray beside her chair, until the room was quiet, her aunt finally breathing deep and slow like sleep.

her nose on a tiny buttonhole-edged washcloth. Her hair was all down, and she didn't have on her bed jacket.

"Every single stitch. With my own hands." She shook her dark hair over her face and dropped her head. "He wants a son. I mean, *really* wants. Not a girl like you, at least not at first. They told me it would have been a girl." She pushed her hair back with both hands. "So, Jan, am I blessed or cursed or what?"

Jan had not moved from the doorway. She couldn't. Flora looked up. "Tell me, child, what would my daughter have been?" She spoke softly, but her face was fierce. "A wild, grubby little gamine like you? Or another industrious needlewoman, poking holes through cloth over and over, day after day?" She hiccuped. "Stitches, holding things together. But I could not hold my child in me long enough." She fell back on the rug, knocking the baby things about, and put her arm over her eyes.

If one of those children had lived, Ramses might not have become king.

Jan got Flora to bed, sobbing and thrashing about, not looking beautiful at all. Then she sat and waited, the untouched tray beside her chair, until the room was quiet, her aunt finally breathing deep and slow like sleep. "Make yourself useful," her mother always said, so she slipped off the chair and started picking up the piles of baby clothes, the same way she helped after suppers. Sacques had gotten mixed up with nightgowns and undershirts. She tried to sort them out and put them back in the bottom drawer where she guessed they belonged since it was empty and pulled out. A little dress so delicate, tucks all the way down the front, tiny sprays of embroidered flowers, lace in scallops around the bottom. She was holding it up to look at when there was a strange sound from the bed. She thought at first that Flora had hurt herself, that there would be blood like she had seen one day in the bathroom. Then she realized that her aunt was upset with her.

The voice was low, sounded polite, but wasn't really. "Please put those things down. At once. I don't mean to be rude, but you might damage something." Flora's face was almost as red as the anemones in the picture over the bed.

Jan scrambled to her feet. The little dress, she didn't know what to do with it. Then she laid it over the foot of the bed and ran out of the room. Halfway down the stairs she remembered the tray and crept back for it as quietly as she could. Flora's face was turned into the pillows. She didn't seem to know or care that Jan was taking the tray.

Downstairs in the kitchen, she looked at a half-full coffee cup in the sink. Should she wash it? The telephone rang, rang several times. Should she answer? What if she said something wrong? It stopped and from upstairs, she heard her aunt saying on the upstairs extension, "Hello, hello." There was a silence, then a laugh, and her aunt said, "You bid what? On a hand like that? Oh, tell me you didn't."

On the way back, Jan stopped by the culvert. She put her bare feet in the creek and ate most of the lunch on the tray. The cottage cheese that her mother had put on the peach salad she threw in the water. Whatever was hiding in the culvert could decide what to do with it.

In the tomb that had been sealed for centuries and centuries, they had found a small bouquet of dried flowers, perhaps the tribute of the child bride to the boy king.

"That was Spencer on the telephone." Her mother hung the damp dish towel on the rack. "He said you and your Aunt Flora had a misunderstanding today. She wants you to know that there are no hard feelings and that she forgives you." Her mother handed her a dry cloth for the silverware. "Now, what's that all about, young lady?"

In the tomb that had been sealed for centuries and centuries, they had found a small bouquet of dried flowers, perhaps the tribute of the child bride to the boy king.

"Oh, I don't know. Something about the baby, I guess."

"What do you mean — baby? Didn't I tell you not to set her off? She's taking this terribly hard, isn't quite stable on the subject. I have told you every single day. …"

"I didn't know what you meant. You didn't tell me she had been pregnant."

"Don't get smart with me. Little pitchers have big ears — and big mouths too, I see." Her mother put the platter in the cabinet. "The word's *expecting*. If you mean to be polite — as I'm sure you do."

"Oh, sure."

"Yes, ma'am!"

"Yes, ma'am."

"Well, least said, soonest mended, I suppose. Now, tomorrow when you go over there, not a word about babies, heirs, expectations, whatever. I won't pry into this further. If she forgives you, that should be good enough for me, too. But mind yourself, young lady. You answer to me and not to her."

"I don't have to go back, do I? Can't Barb go just this once?"

There was nothing on the tray to slosh, so she could walk fast. Slaw, peas and carrots, a bacon, lettuce, and tomato sandwich. A BLT they called them in restaurants. "Give me a BLT," the waitresses hollered to the invisibles in the kitchen. "I have brought you a BLT," she would say to her aunt.

"You needn't come tomorrow." Flora was looking elegant again, lying on top of the spread, wearing a long golden robe. "I'm feeling much stronger now. Besides, my bridge club meets next week. It's time I got out and faced the world, don't you think? You've been ever so much help."

Over Flora's head in the painting of the anemones, the flower centers were very black.

Some of the flowers found on the coffin had retained tinges of their original color.

"Well, Jan," Flora shifted the tray slightly and ate the corner of her sandwich. "Tell me, do you have a little boyfriend yet?"

The red, pink, and purple petals of the anemones pulsed and twisted.

Yes, another career choice. I shall be married and have a dear sweet husband to love me truly and not leave me alone every day. And I shall have six adorable children, three of each, and lose not a one of them. The oldest girl will be Sophia …

"… to be when you grow up?" Flora had almost finished one-half of the BLT.

"I plan to become an archaeologist." The flower centers were dark and still, the petals alive. "I've been reading about Egypt and Troy and … "

"Wouldn't that be awfully dirty, dusty, and dull?"

Schliemann digging through the many layers of the city, the golden ornaments he found, the way he adorned his beautiful young Greek wife with what he thought were the treasures of Priam. Wonderful things.

"Maybe. I guess sometimes it is."

It was later proven that the level where the jewelry was found could not have been Homer's Troy. Someday, if she had to beg, borrow, or steal, she would see wonderful things for herself.

The delicate petals swayed gently in the picture now. Her second child would be a girl — a fat, healthy, adorable baby with at least one dimple. She would be named Helen. N&T

Isabel Zuber won second prize in Now & Then's *1999 Appalachian Fiction Competition. She grew up in Boone, N.C., and now lives in Winston-Salem where she is the circulation librarian at Wake Forest University's Z. Smith Reynolds Library. Her poetry and fiction have been widely published and have won numerous awards. Her first novel,* Salt, *will be published early in 2002 by Picador USA.*

Breaking Up Housekeeping

My mother and her sisters
sweep into the old homeplace,
swing wide the doors, prop windows
up with yardstick and kindling,
stir dust of eighty years
of Gladsons under one roof:
time now to say who takes what,
give rooms a breath of fresh air,
final spring cleaning before
auctioneer's dollarbid chant.
They gather in the upstairs
bedroom with stacks of Sears-
Roebuck catalogs to flutter
their last wishes out the window
to the ground with a flap where
once chickens scratched hard clay.
Why did she save everything,
they want to know, every
jot and tittle, box and bag;
she clung to the scraps till death,
upright in the rocking chair.
Sally slips a pack of gold-
eyed needles into her purse,
whispers me to keep silence.
Clara eyes the quilts up and down,
their double wedding ring loops
stitched by nimble fingers of
this sister who never married,
whose memory was family
archive, roll call of distant
cousins, births and marriages,
who died in what war, stories
of the far-flung and near-at-hand.
She left this life as testament
of devotion, taking care
of parents, then the long stretch
of years alone, cedars claiming
pastures, house in ruins, museum
of the saved but unclaimed.
Box after box they heap in
piles, her letters strewn, a wealth
of words gone in this bonfire.
All day sisters feed flames as
smoke, that old white-robed ghost of
purity, rises, sweeps clean.

—Jeff Daniel Marion

Jeff Daniel Marion lives in Knoxville, Tenn., with his wife, Linda, and spends much of his spare time gardening. His most recent collection of poems is The Chinese Poet Awakens, *published by Wind Publications in 1999.*

Building Virtual Archives

by Lori Riverstone

Internet technology will give unprecedented access to collections, some obscure and fragile, to users all over the globe.

When I was a young girl, I often traveled with my Great-Aunt Margaret from our East Tennessee home to North Carolina and Kentucky in search of the elusive missing link in her genealogical records. We wound through the mountains to visit city halls and libraries, historical societies and cemeteries, family reunions and people's homes. Once there, Margaret would dig through mounds of paperwork and photographs while I played and prowled nearby.

I thought that these trips were great fun since I was too young to know that our mission was rife with frustration and expense. I saw nice grown-ups who gave me candy (usually peppermint, to my dismay) and neat trinkets, and I saw countless stops for roast beef sandwiches and chocolate ice cream while Margaret saw delays, dead ends, used annual leave, and flimsy evidence of an unrecorded past. I am sorry to say I never asked her if she found the "historical grail" in all of her efforts, but if quantity can be taken for success, she left behind quite a legacy.

My office is situated, quite literally, between the past and the future.

I suppose that these early experiences formed my romantic impression of the way of the researcher: long road trips, dusty and moldy books, legal pads, and chewed-up, eraserless pencils. Certainly my experience working in the University of Tennessee's (UT) special collections department has only contributed to this impression. But I have discovered that things are rapidly changing for investigators, regardless of whether they're scholars, writers, or genealogists like Great-Aunt Margaret who are doggedly trying to track down family history.

My office is situated, quite literally, between the past and the future. To my left, you can find UT's special collections reading room. The familiar wooden tables are lined up neatly with the ever-present few who sit hunched over the brittle pages of a book or manuscript. To my right is the office and work center of one of the relatively few digital collection projects in the United States. Whirring scanners, sophisticated computers, and abbreviations like SGML, SML, TEI, and JPEG stop all but the very brave at the door; most scurry by without making eye contact. I go in, seduced by the smell of fresh coffee.

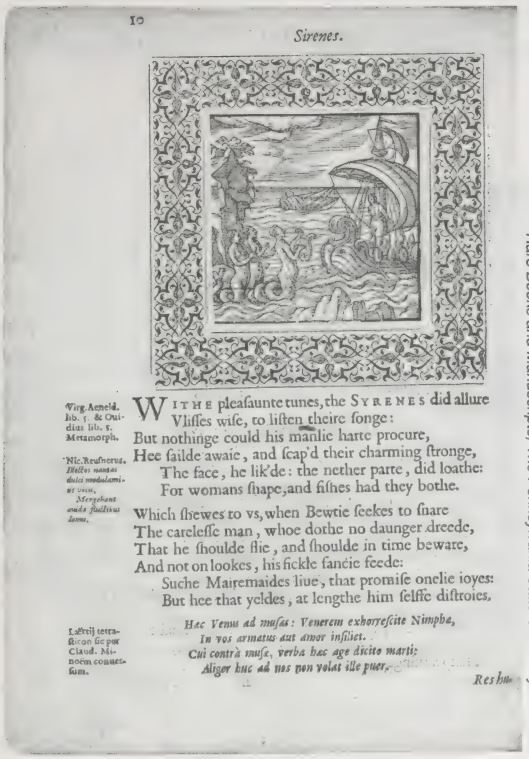
University of North Carolina Library at Chapel Hill

"GET A MEMORANDUM BOOK."

A riverboat pilot admonishes Samuel Clemens when the boy fails to remember any of the information about the Mississippi River imparted to him earlier in the day in Mark Twain's *Life on the Mississippi,* digitized for UNC-Chapel Hill's Documenting the American South Project.

Going Digital

The world has enjoyed great technological advances in the past 10 years with the development and incredible growth of the Internet. Endless information resources are now accessible to anyone who possesses the most minimal of computer skills. Several libraries, museums, and similar institutions have realized the Internet's potential for making obscure and



10 *Sirenes.*

Virg. Aeneid. lib. 5. & Ouidius lib. 5. Metamorph.

WITHE pleasaunte tunes, the SYRENES did allure
Vlisses wise, to listen theire songe:
But nothinge could his manlie harte procure,
Hee sailde awaie, and scap'd their charming stronge,
The face, he lik'de: the nether parte, did loathe:
For womans shape, and fishes had they bothe.

Nic. Reuſnerus. Illuſtr. nonas dulci modulamine ceras, Mergebant undis ſtultitiæ ſeme.

Which shewes to vs, when Bewtie seekes to snare
The careleſſe man, whoe dothe no daunger dreede,
That he shoulde flie, and shoulde in time beware,
And not on lookes, his fickle fancie feede:
Suche Mairemaides liue, that promiſe onelie ioyes:
But hee that yeldes, at lengthe him selfe diſtroies.

Hæc Venus ad muſas: Venerem exhorreſcite Nimphæ,
In vos armatus aut amor inſiliet.
Cui contrà muſæ, verba hæc age dicito marti:
Aliger huc ad nos non volat ille puer.

Reſpon-

Lactrij terra-ſilicon ſic pur Claud. Mi-nerua comme-ſum.

English emblem books combined images and words of an allegorical nature to instruct the audience. Through the English Emblem Book Project at The Pennsylvania State University, these Renaissance texts are available on the Internet.

Rare Books and Manuscripts, The Pennsylvania State University Libraries

fragile collections available online. By carefully reproducing photographs, manuscripts, books, newspapers, and other rare items, archivists have given collections once kept in the dusty corners of a storage room new life as digital images on the Net.

To digitize an item, you scan the image or text at a high resolution, usually 300 to 600 dots per inch, or dpi. This process converts the text or image into one the computer can read and display on its screen. The original item is reproduced in its true color and, if practical, in its actual size. The result is that when a researcher accesses the photograph or document on the computer, it is visually very similar to the original.

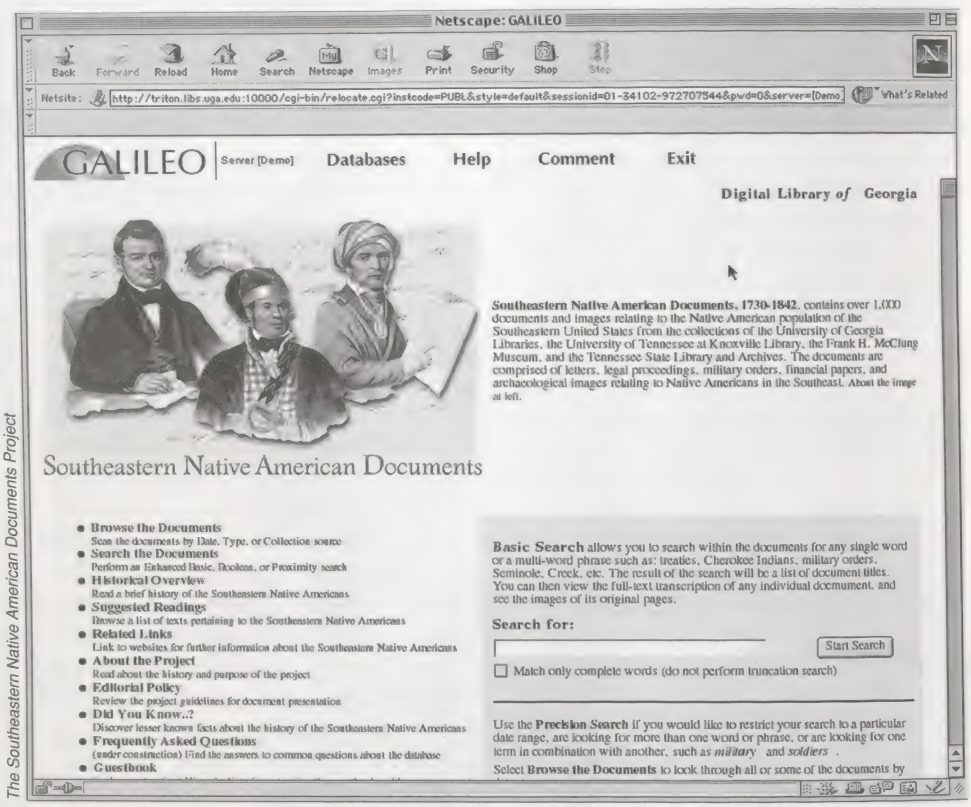
If the item contains text, project staff generally produce a typed transcription of the words just as they appear, author errors and all. This transcription is especially useful when the item is very old or damaged or contains spelling variances that make the text difficult to read. Although sometimes the project's time and financial constraints mean that only the text's first paragraph is transcribed, the complete image is always made available to the researcher. The entire process — scanning, transcription, image cleanup, and cataloging — can take up to two hours per page.

Digitizing and transcribing our historical material and placing it on the Internet also provide researchers with far greater access to obscure documents than ever before. The transcription of an item, either fully or partially, allows researchers to search for and locate sources they would not have otherwise known existed — and they can conduct that search from the comfort of their own home.

In a traditional library search, the word *Appalachia* will produce results based on an index created by a librarian. Librarians develop a short subject list of topics, usually five or 10 elements they feel are related to the item. In contrast, searching a digitized collection for *Appalachia* will produce every single document containing the word in the index and the transcription. This means that records normally classified in another subject area, such as "West Virginia musical history," for example, will turn up if the text in an item even mentions Appalachia. Such a search can yield dozens of results instead of just a handful, giving the researcher access to items that he or she might not have otherwise discovered. It also allows the investigator, not the indexer, to determine whether or not a document or photograph is relevant to the project at hand.

Unprecedented Access

Many digital projects are bringing together several collections from various locations, sometimes hundreds of miles apart. For example, the University of Georgia Libraries in Athens, the University of Tennessee Library and the Frank H. McClung Museum, both in Knoxville, and the Tennessee State Library and Archives in Nashville joined together in a one-year $178,000 project. Together, they digitized a collection of 1,000 original documents and images relating to the Native American population of the Southeastern United States from approximately 1763 to 1843. These documents include letters from tribal members, military orders, and the first 18 months of the *Cherokee Phoenix,* the first newspaper ever published in a native language, among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Digital Library of Georgia
Southeastern Native American Documents, 1730-1842, contains over 1,000 documents and images relating to the Native American population of the Southeastern United States from the collections of the University of Georgia Libraries, the University of Tennessee at Knoxville Library, the Frank H. McClung Museum, and the Tennessee State Library and Archives. The documents are comprised of letters, legal proceedings, military orders, financial papers, and archaeological images relating to Native Americans in the Southeast. About the image at left.
Southeastern Native American Documents
Browse the Documents
Scan the documents by Date, Type, or Collection source
Search the Documents
Perform an Enhanced Basic, Boolean, or Proximity search
Historical Overview
Read a brief history of the Southeastern Native Americans
Suggested Readings
Browse a list of texts pertaining to the Southeastern Native Americans
Related Links
Link to websites for further information about the Southeastern Native Americans
About the Project
Read about the history and purpose of the project
Editorial Policy
Review the project guidelines for document presentation
Did You Know..?
Discover lesser known facts about the history of the Southeastern Native Americans
Frequently Asked Questions
(under construction) Find the answers to common questions about the database
Guestbook
Basic Search allows you to search within the documents for any single word or a multi-word phrase such as: treaties, Cherokee Indians, military orders, Seminole, Creek, etc. The result of the search will be a list of document titles. You can then view the full-text transcription of any individual document, and see the images of its original pages.
Search for:
Start Search
Match only complete words (do not perform truncation search)
Use the Precision Search if you would like to restrict your search to a particular date range, are looking for more than one word or phrase, or are looking for one term in combination with another, such as military and soldiers .
Select Browse the Documents to look through all or some of the documents by

The Southeastern Native American Documents Project

Once it is active, the web site for the Southeastern Native American Documents Project will give researchers access to an online database of Native American materials currently housed at four locations in two states.

other important items. Before the Institute of Museum and Library Services (IMLS), an independent federal grant-making agency supporting museums and libraries, funded this effort in 1999, these documents and photographs were contained in the partnering institutions' collections and housed in four locations in two states. Under the sponsorship of the University System of Georgia's Board of Regents, these materials were brought together for the first time and made available in the Digital Library of Georgia database, called GALILEO. The collection is currently being updated but will be accessible soon.

People across the world, and even across time, will be able to access original documents, such as a handwritten diary entry from a woman in the 19th century.

Both researchers and school systems benefit from digital projects. Consolidation of materials and their availability on the Internet mean that researchers can work far more efficiently. Before actually visiting a repository, they can obtain a clear idea of its holdings and make an informed decision as to whether a personal visit is worth the time and expense. School systems will be able to show artifacts, such as original Native American documents, on computer screens right in the classroom.

Currently, some collections are available only to institutions that have paid a subscription, although most of these institutions make fee-based collections available to the public. However, over the next five to 10 years, archives, libraries, and museums anticipate that they will be able to make most digitized collections available free of charge as grant monies from the government underwrite what are now often self-funded projects. Already there are several projects, such as the University of North Carolina's Documenting the American South and the Library of Congress' American Memory Collection, available to everyone (see sidebar).

Challenges

There are three major challenges to the development of these digital projects: funding, permissions, and international standards. Obtaining funding is always

Archive Resources on the Web

Digital Library of Georgia
The University of Georgia
www.galileo.peachnet.edu

A leader in the field of digital projects, the Digital Library of Georgia offers many collections, including the Southeastern Native American Documents Project; Georgia state government documents; Georgia Historic Newspapers; Arts of the United States, a collection of major works used by art history classes; the Georgia Books Project, a collection of 19th-century books pertaining to Georgia's history and culture; historical maps; Confederate pension files; Jimmy Carter's diary; and much more. They are currently in the process of putting these publicly accessible collections online, although some are already available.

Documenting the American South
The University of North Carolina at Chapel Hill
www.ibiblio.org/docsouth/index.html

The University of North Carolina at Chapel Hill offers **Documenting the American South,** a collection of five digitization projects that includes slave narratives, first-person narratives, Southern literature, Confederate imprints, and materials related to the church in the black community. Collections include examples of currency, almanacs, religious hymns and tracts, pamphlets, books, and personal letters. These collections are free of charge and are currently available.

The English Emblem Book Project
Iconologia, or Moral Emblems
The Pennsylvania State University
www.libraries.psu.edu/crsweb/etext/etextctr.htm

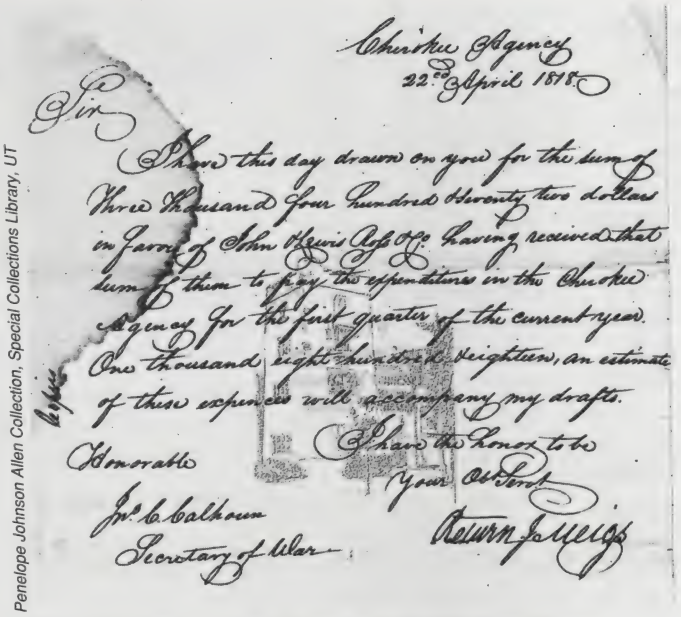
The Pennsylvania State University (PSU) Libraries' electronic Text Center has developed two digital collections: **The English Emblem Book Project** and **Iconologia, or Moral Emblems** by Caesar Ripa. According to Sandra Stelts, rare books specialist for Pennsylvania State University Libraries' special collections department, **The English Emblem Book Project,** a collection of nine 16th- and 17th-century books, "constitutes an unparalleled source not only for the study of daily life of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries but also for extraordinary insights into what the intellectuals of the times viewed as a necessary adjunct to heraldry, social life, politics, philosophy, and moral behavior." The engravings, wood blocks, and etchings in PSU's emblem books, as well as those in **Iconologia,** are beautifully reproduced. These collections are free of charge and are currently available.

The American Memory Collection
The Library of Congress
http://lcweb2.loc.gov/ammem/amhome.html

The American Memory Collection, produced by the Library of Congress, contains over 80 collections encompassing subjects from folk culture and the natural environment in West Virginia to Walt Whitman and American quilts. You can also find American sheet music, Civil War maps, first person narratives about Southern life, and early religious petitions from Virginia. It is an extremely valuable resource and a wonderful example of things to come.

These are by no means all of the digital collections available today. There are many, and even more are currently being developed. The **Institute of Museum and Library Services** (www.imls.gov) is a wonderful resource for identifying museums and repositories currently undertaking digital projects. Other resources include the **Library of Congress** home page (lcweb.loc. gov/index.html), **GALILEO** (www.galileo.peachnet.edu), and **Carnegie Mellon University's Library** (www.ulib.org/webRoot/Collections/).

difficult, but in projects as time intensive as digital efforts, obtaining resources can be daunting. The cost of digital projects varies, depending on the project's size and complexity. The IMLS recently reviewed 35 grant proposals requesting a total of $7.4 million, almost three times the $2.7 million in funds that the agency had on hand to disperse. Only a dozen one- and two-year projects across the United States received funding. Programs such as the National Endowment for the Humanities and the Washington, D.C.-based IMLS have made competitive grants as their resources allow. However, long-term support is questionable.


Penelope Johnson Allen Collection, Special Collections Library, UT

Watermarks — such as the one on this letter from Cherokee Agent Return J. Meigs to Secretary of War John C. Calhoun, dated April 22, 1818 — help prevent theft of digitized documents. This makes it easier to obtain permissions to make digital reproductions.

In order to present collections on the Internet, institutions must first obtain author and owner permissions. This can be a problem. Donors sometimes retain ownership of collections even though they are on deposit in various archives and museums. In other cases, institutions may actually own an item outright, but ownership does not always equal possession of copyright. This means that even a personal letter from me to you may not be reprinted in any form unless I give you permission to do so. Often the institutions can contact the author or the author's descendents and obtain permission, but if the descendents are unwilling, the item is off-limits.

Many owners — professional photographers, for instance — object to granting permission to a project since they fear

School systems will be able to show artifacts, such as original Native American documents, on computer screens right in the classroom.

their work will be illegally reproduced and, in essence, stolen if they allow those images to be made available on the Internet. Institutions make an effort to guard against theft by watermarking the image when posting it on the web. The image is still clear and readable but displays a slight background seal identifying the item as a reproduction and "property" of the digital project. These watermarks are virtually impossible to remove, guaranteeing that thieves will not be able to claim they have an original work.

The current lack of international standards also poses problems as projects attempt to choose their own standards in the digitization of material. The general concern has to do with conversion. Once an item is scanned, it is saved and posted on the Internet in a particular type or format of file. There are currently many different image formats to choose from, such as the popular JPEG or TIFF. However, not everyone agrees as to which particular format is the best way to present an image. This lack of consensus causes concerns over the future compatibility of project files and browsers. Already there are some computer languages that are obsolete — or are fast becoming obsolete.

Transcription causes problems as well, in that the text has to be coded in a format that search engines can understand. Just as in the case of image formats, there are also numerous coding — also known as mark-up — languages. Since there are few standards universally accepted by all of the dozens of digital projects now underway, many fear that in the future, their collections will not be universally accessible. The International Organization for Standardization, headquartered in Geneva, Switzerland, is attempting to choose standards for digitization projects, but for now, using the most common formats, such as JPEG and TIFF, seems to be the safest way to go.

Here to Stay

These issues, troublesome as they are today, will eventually be worked out. People across the world, and even across time, will be able to access original documents, such as a letter from a Civil War soldier to his wife at home or a handwritten diary entry from a woman in the 19th century. In truth, they already can. There will be only more and even larger projects in the coming years.

I have heard it said that the Internet will eventually do away with paper as people are able to access their correspondence, books, newspapers, and bills online. Some light up at the thought, fans of the technology and the freedom it brings.

Others, like me, shake their heads and sigh, loving the trail of paper that follows them through life. I feel conflicted. Then, as I walk through the special collections' stacks and look at the old leather-bound books and the folders filled with pictures and with Tennessee's newspapers from the 1880s, I realize that the technology we are generating should not be feared. It should be nurtured.

To be able to find these beautiful pages and to look at them from across the world is a wonderful thing, a thing that would have saved Great-Aunt Margaret so much time — time she could have spent writing rather than digging through boxes. And paper is, I am positive, here to stay because nothing can replace the experience of holding a volume, opening a book, or reading a newspaper on a summer porch. These pages are a part of our lives, and they should be shared — at the very least on a computer screen. N&T

Lori Riverstone lives in Knoxville, Tenn., where she is project manager of the Tennessee Newspaper Project at the University of Tennessee. She is currently enrolled in UT's master's program in public administration.

Sleeping With One Eye Open: Women Writers and the Art of Survival

Edited by Marilyn Kallet and Judith Ortiz Cofer

The University of Georgia Press
Athens, Ga. & London - 1999
$16.95 (paper) $40.00 (hardcover)

At the most literal level, *voice* refers to the sound produced by the vocal organs. In literary terms, the word refers to a writer's distinctive style or manner of expression. Historically and presently, the issue of voice has been a struggle for women writers — a struggle involving role integration and societal constraints.

In order for their voices to have a chance of being heard, women writers must first overcome obstacles that prevent or interfere with the very physical act of putting pen or pencil to paper, of placing fingertips on keyboards. Their hands are often tired. Their voices speak various dialects daily — mother/worker/survivor/daughter/partner — all dialects of the often-exhausting language of love and caretaking. The roles women occupy are prioritized, and the role of artist is frequently lost or relinquished in complex psychological games of hide-and-seek or in juggling the demands of daily living.

The powerful voices in *Sleeping With One Eye Open: Women Writers and the Art of Survival* speak eloquently and therapeutically of acknowledging, fighting with, and integrating the internal and external factors that inhibit full artistic expression. The book originated when poet Marilyn Kallet, head of the University of Tennessee's Creative Writing Program, interviewed visiting writer Judith Ortiz Cofer.

Their discussion on the difficulties facing women writers led to Cofer's sharing with Kallet her essay, "The Woman Who Slept With One Eye Open: Notes on Being a Writer." The essay describes Cofer's beginnings as a writer and how she learned to protect her writing time. Kallet circulated the "springboard" essay among women writers, who were then inspired to share their journeys as writers. The result is an essay collection that creates a community and a chorus of women helping women writers.

Arranged in four sections, *Sleeping With One Eye Open* can easily be read randomly or sequentially. The first section, "Waking Myths, Waking Words," explores how women utilize myth, ritual, poetry, and stories as sources of inspiration. The second section, "Writing in No-Time," deals with the variety of responsibilities, including work and family, that often interfere with quality writing time. In "Sounds of Hazard and Survival," the book's third section, writers share how they have overcome obstacles as seemingly insurmountable as cancer, depression, and oppression in order to write. Other essays in this section describe sound as a tool for both survival and inspiration. The last section, "Family as a Source of Art," addresses various ways in which family inspires and informs art.

To quote from specific essays is to limit the book's broad scope and to risk diminishing an effort of what culminates, essentially, in a collective voice. By blending regional writers such as Linda Parsons Marion and Katherine Smith with nationally known writers, such as Tess Gallagher, Denise Levertov, and Tillie Olson, this collection yields a rich and varied cultural background that speaks to the interconnectedness of women writers everywhere — globally and locally — who write to live and live to write.

Beginning writers, as well as established writers, will find a survival handbook and voice lessons in the pages of *Sleeping With One Eye Open.* Whether their laps are occupied by children or computers, whether their writing is accomplished uninterrupted in quiet rooms or consists of stolen moments in cramped cars, readers will find their own voices strengthened page by page. Upon finishing the book, they will continue to hear voices — the varied, voluminous, generous voices of these contributors who write on a range of topics yet unite around a central, harmonized theme: Write!

— Donna Doyle

Donna Doyle is a native Knoxvillian whose poem, "After the Wreck," appeared in the spring 2000 issue of Now & Then. *Her review of* Sleeping With One Eye Open *was written during stolen moments in a variety of Knoxville locations, including a laundromat parking lot during the 26-minute wash cycle.*

Take in My Arms the Dark

by Kristin Camitta Zimet

The Sow's Ear Press
Abingdon, Va. - 1999
$12.00 (paper)

I may be remembering incorrectly, but I think that among the pictures of ancient corpses found in the bogs of northwestern Europe is one of an Iron Age woman with her hair in a plait. If so, then as long ago as the eighth century B.C. — and probably much longer — people have braided their hair as a decorative means of keeping it under control. This old, old hairdressing technique forms an important metaphor for Kristin Camitta Zimet's chapbook, *Take in My Arms the Dark.*

Her book is divided into two major sections, "The Need to Hold" and "The Earth Falls Away." The poems in the first section contrast the potential constructiveness and destructiveness of different ways of holding and holding on. In the second section, the poems plead for the importance of letting go at the proper time. The effort to reconcile these conflicting impulses rests at the heart of the book, a collection whose style and substance recall the gestures of plaiting — taking up, holding, letting go. The poems also make use of the act of braiding as a way to bring power under control and of the symbolic associations of human hair as the dwelling place of the soul and as a powerful life force for good and evil.

In the first poem, "Survivor's Christmas," holding represents protection: "I wind around me the years thick with love,/ a woolen scarf skyblue, invisible." In another poem, furry millipedes invade the narrator's basement, and she is reminded of being held by an abusive adult: "I know them now, millipedes/like fat black hairs that clung/to the back of a grownup hand,/crawling on secret places."

In "French Braiding Your Hair," which for me is emblematic of the book, the dark possibilities of holding are reiterated in a story of familial abuse. By the end of the poem, someone's apparently

innocuous instruction sounds ominous to the narrator as she sits in a hospital, her hair unbound, the brush in her shaking hand: "Come as you are, they are waiting for you/out front, a family/to bind together to wind you in their arms." The problem for the survivor in this section of the book is how to embrace life — including the anger, guilt, and sadness it carries.

This problem becomes the central question in "Millipedes," when the woman who has been sexually molested as a child stands in the basement, feeling as though she has the black, furry creatures in her hair and in her robe. She asks, "How can I climb/ up where my family sleeps safe,/ and slipping in beside them,/ take in my arms the dark?"

This carefully crafted inversion of words, "take in my arms the dark," answers the question she poses: It is through artistry, specifically through the kind of verbal plaiting which recurs often throughout the collection, that the poet can embrace the darkness. Within single poems, one thought or story replaces another abruptly, as though they are separate strands pulled together in a plait. In addition to the memories of childhood abuse that make up one strand, there is the strand of grief over a sister's death. There is also the strand of breast cancer and its emotional effects on the narrator, who strives to deal with her loss and her dread of the possibility of a recurrent tumor. The cancer survivor, the incest survivor, the survivor who mourns the dead: none escapes unscathed. Yet these poems suggest that darkness can be contained by the attention required by the making of stories.

In "Storyteller to Her Husband," the wife lying in bed with her husband compares constructive with destructive uses of control. The array of jeweled braids she tries to get her husband to appreciate connotes aesthetic control, rich and complex. The single plait preferred by her husband connotes simplistic domination:

> Around my face are spread, glowing in spokes,
> my jeweled braids. Listen, the hide and seek
> of voices weaving tales about my head.
> But no — you would prefer a single plait
> flat down my back, an anchor line,
> a sturdy rope to let you haul on up
> Rapunzel's tower, and down onto the flat
> of ever-after. ...

Take in My Arms the Dark

Courtesy of The Sow's Ear Press

POEMS

Kristin Camitta Zimet

The content and phrasing in this poem, as well as in "Hansel and Gretel Retold," bring to mind poet Anne Sexton's witty, sexually loaded retellings of fairy tales, collected in *Transformations.* Though on first reading I found the similarities to Sexton's poems disconcerting, on second reading the parallels seemed fitting because the emotional struggles described in Zimet's poems are similar to those described in Sexton's work. One of the things that may have caused my first reaction is related to the only failing I find in these poems — they lack the musicality of a compelling voice. In contrast, Sexton's voice is so strong that it comes through here almost as an intrusion.

In the second section, "The Earth Falls Away," stories of attempts to be willing to let go of fear and accept death, my favorite poem is "Letting the Dog Out." In this poem, the narrator gathers the courage to let her suffering pet be put to sleep and released from its pain. The poems in this section address emotional hardship — the loss of a sister, for example — and the overcoming of that hardship. They conclude that victory over the need to hold on too hard or too long is possible through effort and imagination. The final poem in the book is entitled "Migration." It opens by telling the reader to "look up," and at the end of the poem, the narrator opens her hand to let a captive bird go and becomes, imaginatively, the bird she's released:

> ... what stays is a tingle on the palm,
> and faint as a net spangling the air,
> a sense of soft, of dear. I fly ahead,
> down to what Gulf, what Amazon,
> I cannot guess. Earth falls away below.

The poem's sense of expansiveness and its placement at the conclusion of the collection once again underscores the poet's belief that one way of winning freedom from despair is by braiding words into art. This last poem, like the poems that precede it, forms a hopeful testament to the possibility of turning to account the tragedies that form a part of everyone's life.

— Edwina Pendarvis

Edwina (Eddy) Pendarvis lives in Huntington, W.Va., where she teaches at Marshall University. Her poems and prose have been published in Antietam Review, Appalachian Journal, Louisville Review, Now & Then, Wind Magazine, *and other journals.*

Out of the Woods: Stories

By Chris Offutt

Simon and Shuster
New York, N.Y. – 1999
$21.00 (hardcover)
Touchstone
New York, N.Y. – 1999
$11.00 (paper)

In his latest story collection, Appalachian writer Chris Offutt has his feet elsewhere but his mind and heart are back home in the mountains of Kentucky. You can see it in all of his characters, who are living in places such as Wahoo, Neb.; Moscow, Idaho; Casper, Wyo.; Greeley, Colo.; or Great Falls, Mont. — all of them down on their luck and down on themselves, each of them finding that *away* is not necessarily better, realizing that home lives in the heart.

Offutt left his Appalachian Mountains

at 19 to do his own 20-year knocking about, ultimately writing a stunning story collection about his native roots in the 1992 volume, *Kentucky Straight.* The book earned him high praise and awards from Guggenheim and the Academy of Arts and Letters. He followed it with a memoir in 1993, *The Same River Twice,* and his redemptive 1997 novel about Appalachian families, *The Good Brother.*

In *Out of the Woods,* he uses spare narrative and vivid language to capture the lives of his renegade characters torn between their longing for freedom and for home. Last year, Offutt himself moved back to Rowan County, Ky., wanting to reconnect and *give back* by teaching at nearby Morehead State University. Yet he admits that he returned to what he thought of as home, only to find his tiny clay-mining town had vanished. "Haldeman's gone. The tracks are gone. The zip code has changed." Offutt has since moved on to teach at the University of Iowa, where he is about to publish the nonfiction chronicle of that struggle to "go home again." In other words, he doesn't have the answers, but he captures beautifully and truthfully the long ambivalent pain of that exile experience in these fresh tales.

The title story opens with Gerald pulled metaphorically "out of the woods" by his wife's entreaty that he recover the body of her beloved brother. Ory had gone off to Nebraska, where Gerald travels and finds Ory's fiery, purple-haired girlfriend and assassin. And we are aboard for the drive back with Ory's body covered with dirt in the truck bed. Returning, Gerald stands in early morning light feeling how "everything was the same — the house, the trees, the people. He recognized the leaves and the outline of the branches against the sky. He knew how the light would fall, where the shadows would go. The smell of the woods was familiar. It would be this way forever. Abruptly, as if doused by water, he knew why Ory had left." Offutt surprises us with his ambivalent ending, but is dead-on in his reckoning of this dual yearning for home and escape.

Don't let the lack of resolution in these tales throw you, though. His narratives stalk his characters with the deliberateness and sudden bursts of light of an autumn deer hunt. He favors character-narration where the teller can reveal himself, as in "Two-Eleven All Around." Here the lonely narrator depicts the demise of his relationship — another common theme in these tales. While he is out walking the streets, she is zoned out on Prozac and seduced by a police scanner. "Funny thing about that scanner, though, it sucks her away from sex like getting religion … It bothers me a lot. It got so bad I was jealous of that scanner. Jealous of men who would never touch her. Jealous of voices in the dark." Using this symbol with wit and craft as a telling metaphor for his alienation, he proves to be a "two-eleven all around [police jargon for "unwanted"]. … I wasn't wanted anywhere, city or country, not even at home."

Offutt is a native storyteller, known for his haunting blend of realism and myth. His are contemporary folktales, as in "Highwater Everywhere," which comes to us like an underwater dream of events. Truck driver Zules has lost his trailer to the flood waters of Crawfordsville, Ore. — and though he meets a dark angel-temptress, he feels suddenly homesick for Kentucky. "The hillsides were so steep it was like living in a maze, but it wasn't a place where you could lose a truck trailer. When Zules was home he stayed with his mother, who was seventy-four. As the youngest child, he was supposed to take care of her, but after a few days he'd be restless, ready for straight roads and flat land."

Noticeably in every story, Offutt's characters confront the law: Policemen or jail loom up as a new reality these characters struggle to comprehend. His portraits of these people are all sympathetic. He represents them as just people living through a tough time, doing hard jobs. "Barned Owl" is a wonderful story of two Kentuckians living in Greely, Colo., who find each other, hear their own voices again, even as the narrator drinks away the pain of loss at The Pig Tavern and his friend Travis turns his house and land into Little Kentucky. They touch each other's lives, until finally the narrator realizes, "I suddenly thought of something that drained me like a shell. I sat in the dark listening to the owls but there was no way for me to get around it. I missed Kentucky more than the Pig."

This bare yet beautiful prose is so (dare I say it) *masculine* in its brevity and suggestion of emotion. *Out of the Woods* is not so much a book for men as one about them. Offutt's sureness of expression moves us, as in the portrait of the estranged father and son of "Target Practice" or the man-woman tugging apart of "Tough People." The latter closes with this self-revelation: "Snow was thick in the air. My family had been in the hills two hundred years and I was the first to leave. Now I was pretty much ruined for going back. The black water ran fast and cold below. I started walking."

Wherever Chris Offutt is walking, his sure-footed prose is bringing us all home to the truth of our lives.

— Larry Smith

Larry Smith teaches at Bowling Green State University-Firelands College in Ohio. He is the author of two books of working-class fiction: Beyond Rust: Stories *(1996) and* Working it Out *(1998).*

What a Light Thing, This Stone
by Suzanne U. Clark

The Sow's Ear Press
Abingdon, Va. - 1999
$12.00 (paper)

Suzanne Clark's poems in *What a Light Thing, This Stone* are a critique of the mind-set that perceives life as an everyday affair. They may grow out of mundane situations such as doing laundry, mowing the lawn, or taking a weekend outing with the family, but nothing here is ever finally mundane. Clark writes about what happens to the everyday when the transcendent inserts an edge and begins to pry.

But the prying only begins. Refusing easy claims on any other realm, Clark's poems dwell in the observed world with a dedication to detail that makes their hints of ecstasy all the more tempting. Most of the poems seem firmly rooted in East Tennessee, where Clark lives, using settings such as the annual Appalachian Fair in Gray and Rocky Mount, the site of the Southwest Territory's first capital, located near Johnson City. Others range to the seashore or onto the anonymous road-

Reviews

Books and Films Worth Mentioning

A Place Not Forgotten: Landscapes of the South from the Morris Museum of Art by William Freehling et al. (Lexington, Ky.: University of Kentucky Art Museum, 1999; $25.00 paper). Published in conjunction with the Kentucky Art Museum's exhibition of the same name, this catalogue includes 25 color reproductions of Southern landscape paintings from the early 19th century through the 1940s. Essays on Southern art and literature by writers such as Wendell Berry, John Egerton, Gurney Norman, and Chris Offutt accompany the landscape paintings.

Actors, Audiences, and Historic Theatres of Kentucky by Marilyn Casto (Lexington, Ky.: University Press of Kentucky, 2000; $29.95 hardcover). Casto, professor of interior design at Virginia Tech, has written on architecture and design. In this book, she considers the relationship between architecture and theaters in Kentucky from the 18th century through the early years of the 20th.

Country Music Annual 2000 edited by Charles K. Wolfe and James E. Akenson (Lexington, Ky.: University Press of Kentucky, 2000; $20.00 paper). This inaugural issue of a country music scholarly journal includes 11 diverse essays on such topics as Southern humor, recording technology, song and lyric structure, country music and religion, and the role of country music in the literary fiction of Lee Smith. Edited by noted country music scholars, the *Annual* is a promising look at this uniquely American art form.

Cratis Williams: Living the Divided Life produced by Fred Johnson and Jean Donohue (Covington, Ky.: Media Working Group; $35.00 VHS cassette). In this documentary, beloved and renowned Appalachian scholar Cratis Williams narrates his own story of the modern Appalachian experience, accompanied by poignant commentaries by colleagues Pat Beaver, Grace Edwards, Loyal Jones, and Jim Wayne Miller. The web page, http://www.traverse.com/mwg/cratis/index.html, has purchasing and viewing information.

Light and Air: The Photography of Bayard Wootten by Jerry W. Cotton (Chapel Hill, N.C.: University of North Carolina Press, 1998; $37.50 hardcover). This biography of the North Carolina photographer — who often focused her lens on marginalized black and white Americans in Southern Appalachia — includes more than 130 duotone reproductions, many of which have never been published. Cotton is photographic archivist at the North Carolina Collection, University of North Carolina Library at Chapel Hill.

Mountains of Music: West Virginia Traditional Music from Goldenseal edited by John Lilly (Champaign, Ill.: University of Illinois Press, 1999; $21.95 paper). This informative text compiles 25 features on West Virginia musicians from *Goldenseal*, West Virginia's quarterly magazine of traditional life. Arranged into sections on fiddlers, banjo players, dulcimer players, guitarists, and family bands, this book documents musicians representing a variety of musical styles from 17 counties.

Seeing America: Women Photographers Between the Wars by Melissa A. McEuen (Lexington, Ky.: University Press of Kentucky, 1999; $29.95 hardcover). McEuen, a history professor at Transylvania University in Lexington, Ky., considers the lives of photographers Doris Ulmann, Dorothea Lange, Marion Post Wolcott, Margaret Bourke-White, and Bernice Abbott and how their personal experiences and cultural biases helped shape the field of documentary photography in the period between the world wars. The book features some of the Appalachian photographs of Ulmann, Lange, and Wolcott.

Sticks and Stones: Three Centuries of North Carolina Gravemarkers by M. Ruth Little with photographs by Tim Buchman (Chapel Hill, N.C.: University of North Carolina Press, 1998; $45.00 hardcover.) As an art historian and North Carolina State Historic Preservation Office consultant, Little documents gravemarkers dating from the early 1700s to the mid-20th century and considers the cultural, economic, and material differences among 550 graveyards across North Carolina.

The Store of Joys: Writers Celebrate the North Carolina Museum of Art's Fiftieth Anniversary edited by Huston Pascal (Winston-Salem, N.C.: John F. Blair, 1997; $22.00 paper). This lovely book is a collection of 45 North Carolina literary artists' interpretations of the work of the visual arts housed in the museum. Its pages include poetry, fiction, and essays by writers such as Robert Morgan, Wilma Dykeman, Fred Chappell, Kathryn Stripling Byer, Lee Smith, Michael McFee, and Betty Adcock.

The Storytellers' Journey: An American Revival by Joseph Daniel Sobol (Champaign, Ill.: University of Illinois Press, 1999; $19.95 paper). Sobol's history of the modern storytelling movement, coupled with interviews of dozens of professional storytellers, makes for a worthy resource in understanding the renaissance of storytelling in America during the last 30 years. Having worked as a professional storyteller, folklorist, and musician, Sobol's writing is imaginative and informative as he traces the growth of professional storytelling from Jonesborough, Tenn., in 1973 to the international network it has become today.

Weaving New Worlds: Southeastern Cherokee Women and Their Basketry by Sarah H. Hill (Chapel Hill, N.C.: University of North Carolina Press, 1997; $24.95 paper, $49.95 hardcover; illustrated). A curator and scholar, the author argues that Cherokee basket-making over three centuries reflects the roles and work of Cherokee women as the "source of food and life, as providers and sustainers for their families."

— Marianne Worthington

Marianne Worthington teaches communication studies at Cumberland College, Williamsburg, Ky. With this issue, she takes Sandra L. Ballard's place as Now & Then's *reviews editor. Ballard now edits Appalachian State University's* Appalachian Journal *in Boone, N.C.*

way between cities, but Clark's vision brings the faraway in close. Her favored subject is not "the world to come," though at least one poem offers a vision of what that might be like, but is instead the moment of wonder or dread that peels back the corners of this world for a glimpse beyond. One of the best poems in the book is the short "Reaper":

Pushing the roaring mower through heavy,
wet grass
raising it up on its hind legs, bringing it down
like a mouth over the fluid green to sever
morning glories, nightshade, a ganglia of
vines.
Spirits of mint swim upward from shock.
Nothing escapes the power
that scathes the lawn. Nothing
but the white, sunken face
where Emily's pool was.

The poem may wobble a bit over the *sever* that doesn't do anything *cut* couldn't, but otherwise "Reaper" is as swift and penetrating as the epiphany it describes. Clark juxtaposes the strangely vital surroundings, the lush and living lawn, and the mower, which is "roaring" and has "hind legs" and a "mouth," with the shocking, skull-like "white, sunken face" that suggests an instant's realization of Emily's mortality, a premonition of vacancy. Withholding the first person heightens the effect of human powerlessness before the cycles of nature — this is not a specific family's lawn until the last line — and the repetition of *nothing*, which emphasizes the threat of absence.

Closure is one of Clark's particular strengths. In poem after poem, she invents endings that open out into the echoing spaces of time or eternity, death or God. In "Looking for Arrowheads," time spent hunting through a freshly turned field yields mixed results, but the poem grows to an impressive final image of human culture occupying the earth over centuries:

all I find in my long, plowed row
are the glass, the brick, the iron
remnants. Still, I cradle them
in the fellowship of loss,
making my way among dead roots
that reach up from the dirt like hands,
and I find we are carried, each one of us
on the raw, split back of God.

Clark's poems are often explicitly religious — and they don't apologize for being so. "Thursday Lauds" is another poem about the numinous in the everyday. After "thick, unseeing sleep," the speaker wakes to a "drizzly day."

How good to stretch my arms
as the mockingbird sings wholehog
on the rooftop, and cars slosh by,
their tires shaving off slabs of rain
as the streetlights blink
and the Lord looks down
to see it is good, this stained-glass day
in which I, in my robe, am figured.

This poem communicates a colloquial joyousness at being in the world through its verb phrases: "stretch my arms ... sings wholehog ... slosh." The tires of passing cars are depicted with a precision of image and a vowel-music that suggest an act of attention turning to devotion, all modulating into the imagined point of view of God. This point of view is outside of time, and it is one in which the speaker herself becomes an element in the vast artwork that is Thursday morning. This move, from the personal point of view toward the divine, is one quick sketch of an aesthetic that resonates throughout the book, enriching every page and rewarding the reader with a sense of being figured in that same "stained-glass day."

— James Owens

Originally from Haysi, Va., James Owens is currently studying in the master of fine arts program at the University of Alabama, Tuscaloosa, and has (since writing this review) become editor of The Sow's Ear Poetry Review. *He has published poems and reviews in* Poem, Permafrost, Wind, *and* Lilliput Review, *among others. He won first place in* Now & Then's *poetry competition in 1998.*

WHAT A LIGHT THING, THIS STONE

SUZANNE U. CLARK

Courtesy of The Sow's Ear Press

Cassandra Singing
by David Madden
University of Tennessee Press
Knoxville, Tenn. - 1999
$18.95 (paper)

Any student of Appalachian literature can recite most of the great books of the Appalachian canon: James Still's *River of Earth,* Harriette Arnow's *The Dollmaker,* Lee Smith's *Fair and Tender Ladies,* and many more. However, one of the most widely acclaimed novels about the region is often forgotten — *Cassandra Singing* by David Madden.

First published in 1969 and now reissued in a handsome paperback edition by the University of Tennessee Press, *Cassandra Singing* was originally conceived as a play and published in that form in 1957. Forty-three years after Madden first created the characters who inhabit this book, *Cassandra Singing* still reads like a masterpiece of Appalachian fiction.

Cassandra Singing is the story of Lone McDaniel, a restless young man who has taken to riding motorcycles and bucking authority. Once a "good boy," Lone has been led astray by his best friend, Boyd Weaver, with whom he shares a mysterious, homoerotic bond. Lone's sister, Cassie, bedridden due to rheumatic fever, experiences life only through Lone's wild tales. To say more would ruin a mesmerizing plot full of twists and revelations. The novel also

offers a wonderful supporting cast made up of Lone's complex mother, his alcoholic father, Boyd's profane and beautiful girlfriend, Gypsy, and many others.

It is interesting that the novel evolved from a play since the dialogue is both its driving force and its strongest element. Characters spout near-poetry without seeming melodramatic. They say things such as "My heart bleeds ice-water" or "You look like a monument... but we need to christen you" and still sound completely genuine.

In fact, Madden's prose on the whole reads like poetry. It practically drips from the page. Witness his description of a frosted window: "Often the messages Cassie wrote on the pane in the morning wept in the noon sun." Fever-struck Cassie is a "moth pinned to the bed." Lone does not merely ride a motorcycle, "His legs hug the stuttering life of the motor."

Despite the beautiful words in this book, it is not an easy read. One sentence goes on for 346 words. When Lone's drunken father speaks, the reader is never sure if he is talking straight or spurting nonsense. Even a couple of rereads doesn't make it clear.

The subject matter can also be a bit trying; a prude will throw the book across the room in disgust. Even a completely open-minded person will raise his or her eyebrows more than once. The novel has many allusions to incest. Lone and his sister, Cassie, sometimes seem to be in love, and at one point, they rip off their clothes and look at one another's naked bodies. While this mostly serves as metaphor, it is also alarming when you consider how often outsiders regard Appalachians as prone to incest.

None of this matters. *Cassandra Singing* is so well-written, so interesting and entertaining, that the reader doesn't mind being momentarily appalled or going back and reading a page again to make sense of it. While the book is wholly universal, fans of Appalachian literature will delight in its alliance to the region. When Madden writes about forest fires raging on the mountains, he says that "all Eastern Kentucky coughed and cried for weeks." When he describes an autumn night, we can taste the bitterness of slag-heap smoke. We hear the thump of a motorcycle crossing a swinging bridge and see the moon as it "glows behind a sooty screen of kudzu." Madden's Appalachia, set in the fictional town of Harmon, is lush and darkly beautiful, but also rough and grimy. It is one of the truest depictions of the region ever to be put on paper.

A major subtext of the book is that the family's home sits in the path of a superhighway. By novel's end, the bulldozers are literally at the door, and throughout the novel the characters speak of the oncoming road as if it were a plague. The subtext is subtle, yet powerful. We are painfully aware that the superhighway is symbolic of the incredible change happening to both the family and the region. The Old Appalachia is fading away, and the New Appalachia is quickly approaching, not only with each inch that the dozers travel closer to their home — but with each amazing joy and tragedy that befalls the people of this novel.

Cassandra Singing does deserve to be in that unofficial Appalachian canon. *The Oxford American*, the Mississippi-based magazine published by John Grisham, even went a step further, venturing to say that it belonged on anyone's list of the best Southern novels of the 20th century. The novel is wholly satisfying in all regards and moves us in many ways, from appreciation for its stunning prose to the satisfaction of being shocked.

— Silas D. House

Silas D. House is awaiting the spring 2001 publication of his first novel, Clay's Quilt. *Recently selected as an Emerging Writer by the Millennial Gathering of Writers at Vanderbilt University, he is at work on his second novel. He lives near London, Ky., with his wife and two daughters.*

Family Tree

The big pine screamed when it split,
of a father never knowing his sons.
A story grew from its roots
over the ridge to my world.

They say he never saw it coming.
It hit so hard his boots made prints in the mud,
a foot-deep impression it took years to wash away.
The depression never would.

Some days the boys would gather
where their dreams were felled,
where he last stood.
They'd sit there,
with the plane of fact,
working that knotty wood.
One day someone pulled the stump that remembered blood.

None of the boys could ever fill those shoes,
though they spent their lives trying —
carried splinters in their hands
when they touched the memory.

This story runs through the grain of my life.
The daughter of a son without a father,
deep in the heart of wood,
lumbering to hold up trees.

— Rebecca Lee Yates

Rebecca Lee Yates has a poem in the current edition of The Chrysalis Reader. *Her poetry has appeared in* The American Scholar, Daughters of Sarah, Callapooya Collage, *and* Talking Leaves. *Several of her poems have made it into the final round of judging for an upcoming edition of* Calyx. *Yates is keeping her fingers crossed.*

Tennessee Latitudes

I.
Slender index finger grown
from the colonized fist of the Carolinas,
Tennessee pointed the unknown.

Long hunters and Indian killers
transgressed remote royal decree
and the smoky ranges of the Cherokee

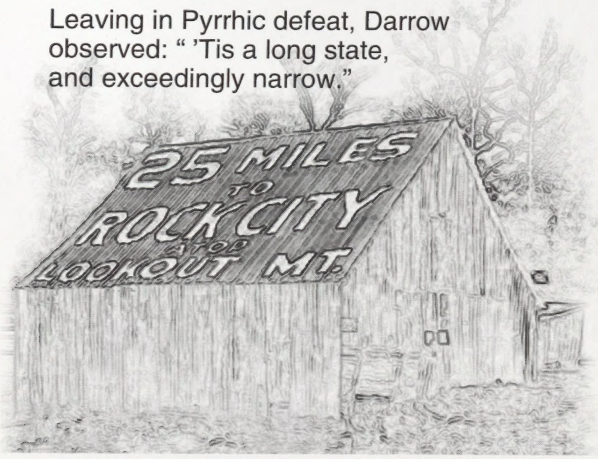
to bind the wild boundaries
of the Appalachians' winding emerald ridge
and the Mississippi's

dog-legs and intestinal loops
between imperious latitudes,
the globe's new imaginary barrel hoops.

II.
In the heat-stymied gallery
of Dayton's antebellum courthouse
God sat. The fans beat slowly

to Bryan's oration on His behalf;
He declined to take the stand,
or so *The Times* reporter quipped.

Leaving in Pyrrhic defeat, Darrow
observed: " 'Tis a long state,
and exceedingly narrow."



III.
Now most neighborly of states,
it fits as snugly as a jigsaw piece
amidst the abutting eight,

though offers a view of far fewer—
despite *Rock City's* barn-roof signs—
now that the skies could be bluer.

On a clear day, once,
men paused at the place they'd rename
Newfound Gap and gazed in the silence

of their own wild surmise
at ridge upon ridge lapping away
to the unskimmed cream of the horizon.

Armed with anvils, needles, lenses,
calipers, ink, formulas, maps
that trailed into whiteness,

and ribbon-marked beatitudes,
the unknown approached, hell-bent
on taking wider latitude.

—Jeffrey Franklin

Jeffrey Franklin grew up on Signal Mountain near Chattanooga, Tenn. His poems have appeared in numerous publications, including The Asheville Poetry Review, Cumberland Poetry Review, Southern Poetry Review, and the North Carolina Literary Review. *Poems are forthcoming in* Many Mountains Moving, Painted Bride Quarterly, and Tar River Poetry. *He is working on his first book.*

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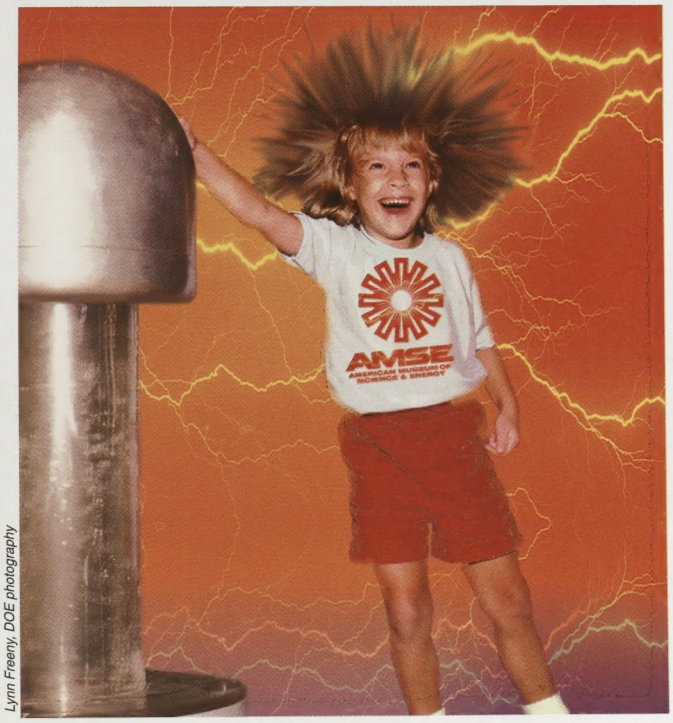

Lynn Freeny, DOE photography

A Hair Raising Experience
A crowd-pleaser for 50 years, the live demonstration titled "Atoms and Atom Smashers" invites visitors to the American Museum of Science and Energy in Oak Ridge, Tenn., to discover the facts about static and dynamic electricity. Bill Dockery traces the museum's evolution in "Atomic City Chronicles" (p.30)

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Coming up:

SPRING 2001
APPALACHIAN RIVERS & VALLEYS

SUMMER 2001
APPALACHIAN WRITING RE-VISITED

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